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THE EMPERORS AND LORD JOHN.

THE contributions to the political literature of the past week have been unusually various and instructive. Two Emperors have severally expounded their theories of the recent peace, and one Foreign Minister has, by some indiscretion, been made too late to reveal the opinions which he had some weeks ago formed of the war. The principal peculiarity of the French and Austrian manifestoes is that they contradict one another; and as both accounts cannot possibly be true, there is no reason for attaching implicit faith to either. "I," says one of the characters in a well-known story, "take a dram because it is so hot to-day;" and "I," adds another, "drink it because I am unusually chilly." Austria made peace because her natural allies refused to share her dangers, and France put an end to the war that Prussia and Germany might not come to the assistance of the weaker party. It must be admitted, to the credit of both the Imperial apologists, that they express in sufficiently intelligible language the meaning which they intend to convey. Probably neither writer had enjoyed the opportunity of access to the works of the late Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD, whom Lord JOHN RUSSELL has evidently selected as his literary model. The despatch to Lord BLOOMFIELD on the neutrality of Prussia displays all the knowledge, the judgment, and the good taste which invariably characterized the withering sarcasms of the sentimental Cockney satirist.

In the lower kinds of controversy no artifice is more familiar than the affectation of assuming that the adversary holds some doctrine which he would be the first to disclaim as absurd. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in the tone of a Little Dorrit moralist denouncing the Circumlocution Office, goes out of his way, in the midst of his friendly advice, to fasten a rhetorical quarrel of the same description on Prussia. It might have been thought that a Minister advising an ally to remain neutral would have confined himself to arguments which were likely either to conciliate or to convince; but Lord JOHN RUSSELL, since he produced his famous antithesis between a war for the Holy Sepulchre and the tomb of the Prince of Peace, appears to have thought that his strength lay in diplomatic composition, and that it was his peculiar office to be smart. Lord MALMESBURY's suggestion that the coasts of Germany would be exposed to the insults of the French navy, although it might be impressive, was not in the smallest degree epigrammatic. It was reserved to Lord JOHN RUSSELL to demand, with triumphant emphasis, whether the security of Berlin and Magdeburg depended on the continued misgovernment of Milan and Bologna. The antithesis between the two German towns and their Italian correlatives displays the genuine swing of the conventional literary see-saw. It would be hypercritical to remark that while both Berlin and Magdeburg are in Prussia, Bologna is not, like Milan, in Lombardy, or to object that there is not the smallest connexion in the subject-matter on either side to correspond to the jingle of sound. The distinctive peculiarity of the phrase consists in the gratuitous insinuation that Prussia is actuated by discreditable motives utterly irrelevant to the question which is really at issue. It is absurd to say that, in resenting an unprovoked attack by France upon Austria, German Governments are influenced by any prejudice against administrative improvements at Milan. There is a gross fallacy in the assumption that the professed purpose of the war was identical with its real object; and in the case of Bologna, the invader himself announced his intention of maintaining the Papal authority, which is the cause of all its misgovernment. Neutrality was, under the circumstances, justifiable and wise, but the precedent of a war without the smallest cause of quarrel ought not to be strengthened by superfluous admissions on the part of English statesmen. The aggressor, how-

ever magnanimous his intentions might be, was obviously a wrong-doer; and if the offence is condoned, he will be encouraged to repeat it by a display of armed sympathy with the wrongs of Belgium, of Rhenish Prussia, of Malta, Jersey, or Ireland.

It was natural that England and Prussia should wish to localize the war, and yet the consternation occasioned by the peace seems to show that the success of their efforts has not produced unmixed satisfaction. As a general rule, it may be laid down that the isolation of two belligerents is an encouragement to aggression, and a withdrawal of the principal security for the peace of the world. If an ambitious potentate can select a victim and an opportunity without fear of a defensive coalition, it is evident that one powerful motive for moderation and prudence will no longer restrain his warlike propensities. According to the French EMPEROR's solemn declaration, he was induced to make peace, not by the passive attitude of the neutral Powers, but by the fear that he had almost overstrained their patience. He had Europe, he says, in arms before him to restrain his successes and to profit by his reverses. The statement, notwithstanding the quarter from which it proceeds, is, if not true, at least sufficiently plausible to deserve the serious attention of European statesmen. It may even be worth while to consider whether a future war would not be rendered less probable by the knowledge that it would become necessary to prepare for hostile operations on all the frontiers of France at once. The further confession that the Quadrangle is impregnable without interference with the German territory, will not fail to be accepted by Austria as a tribute to the strength of her position. SCIRIO, as one of the official sycophants observes, declined to destroy Carthage after the battle of Zama, and it is implied that similar magnanimity restrained the victor of Solferino in his triumphal march to Verona and to Vienna. The EMPEROR himself confesses, with apparent candour, that he acquiesced in imperfect success because the farther development of his plan would have been attended with difficulty and danger. It is only surprising that he should have failed to observe that, of all the obstacles to his progress, not one was latent or unexpected. His last promise of the entire liberation of Italy was put forth almost in sight of the Mincio, and his squadrons were preparing the way for a Hungarian revolution by their operations in the Adriatic on the eve of the interview at Villafranca. The portion of the apology which refers to the embarrassing alliance of the revolutionary party may be considered almost cynically candid. The promise to Lord COWLEY that the war should be confined to military operations was followed by the invitation to Kossuth, and by the mission of Prince NAPOLEON, with a large body of troops, to Leghorn and Florence. As soon as the connexion with political malcontents becomes inconvenient, the readiness of the Italian people to answer the summons of the Milan proclamation is alleged as a principal reason for granting favourable terms of arrangement to Austria.

The true cause of the peace will probably be known at some future time. The explanation addressed to the public bodies of France fails to account for the curious Austrian allegation, that the terms imposed by the neutral Powers would have been more favourable to France than the conditions of the treaty itself. There is reason to believe that the proposals of Prussia, as well as the zealously pacific exhortations of England, were used at Villafranca as conclusive arguments to incline the Emperor of AUSTRIA to an accommodation. An ordinary diplomatist would have waited for a suitable occasion of submitting to the friendly and profitable pressure of the arbitrating Powers. If NAPOLEON III. thought it better to sacrifice advantages within his reach, it can only be inferred that some equivalent has been secured or contemplated, and it may be conjectured that the future co-operation

or neutrality of Austria forms one of the principal elements of the arrangement. Both the Emperors, though they vary widely in their grounds of complaint, express or imply a censure on the policy of the neutral Powers. Their supposed hostility may supply a pretext hereafter for an attack on Prussia or on England, while their lukewarmness in the cause of Austria may be alleged as a reason for refusing to assist them against the aggression of France. On the whole, there is reason to think that the great disturber of Europe has overreached himself in his latest display of ingenuity.

THE BUDGET.

AN August Ally is an expensive luxury, and Mr. GLADSTONE has given his countrymen an approximate estimate of the value, or rather the cost, of Imperial good faith. If the establishments of the country had remained on the same scale which was thought sufficient in 1853, the actual revenue would by this time have provided a surplus of about seven millions, instead of leaving a deficit of between four and five. While Lord JOHN RUSSELL prates in his German despatches about the word of the Emperor NAPOLEON, the tax-payer finds that, as an additional security or guarantee fund, it is necessary to provide about eleven millions within the year. The most pacific and economical of Ministers professedly admits the necessity of the precautions which are to be adopted, and in his most sanguine anticipations he only ventures to prophesy that within a few months things will become either better or worse. The numerous orators who sneer with Mr. BRIGHT at the old-fashioned balance of power might fairly be called upon to show that the system, while it lasted, was as expensive as the Continental supremacy of France. A vast amount of diplomatic vigilance might be provided for a single penny on the pound of income; but Mr. GLADSTONE, for the purpose of keeping up armaments which are at once indispensable and inadequate, insists on the payment of fourpence within a single half-year. Every person who possesses or earns a thousand a-year will become liable between this time and Christmas for sixteen or seventeen pounds as his contribution to the national testimonial in honour of NAPOLEON III. That the state of affairs will become more menacing is highly probable, and it is difficult to foresee any probable change for the better. The just alarm which was excited by the war has been greatly aggravated by the peace, and unless the French army and navy are subjected to large reductions, it is evident that the risk of a lawless attack upon England is by no means likely to diminish. The leaders of both parties in the House of Commons share the apprehensions which they affect to combat, and Mr. DISRAELI is already speculating on the liabilities which may fall upon England whenever France commences an attack upon Prussia.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had to deal, not with the causes of increased expenditure, but with the means which could be devised to meet it; and his task was rendered more exciting by the recollection of his violent denunciations of an Income-tax in 1857 and 1858. There is more money wanted, but it is not at all more wanted than when Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS was attacked for suspending the reduction of the impost, or when Mr. DISRAELI was encouraged to borrow two millions for the purpose of taking off twopence from the rate of taxation. A year ago, the urgent wants of the navy were already known to the Government; and the country would have willingly submitted to the old percentage of Income-tax for the purpose of strengthening the national defences, and at the same time preserving public faith. But Mr. DISRAELI saw an opportunity of purchasing party support, and he succeeded, at the small price of a financial inconvenience, in conciliating one formidable opponent. Mr. GLADSTONE ought to explain why the present disappointment of his former hopes is less dishonourable than the moderate divergency of his predecessor from the scheme of 1853. It is not enough to say that the entire tax will, according to the present provisions of the law, expire in 1860. It would be as reasonable to console the Peace Society by the suggestion that the Mutiny Act will at the same period cease to render a standing army possible. If Mr. GLADSTONE had been able to discover any less objectionable substitute, he would not have irritated the community and stultified himself by adding 160 per cent. for the ensuing half-year to the moribund impost. He has already given up his paradoxical fancy that the public honour was pledged to the fulfilment of the hypothetical promises of 1853. The addition of a single farthing to the rate involves all the criminality of a financial breach

of promise, especially when it is proposed by the Minister who is supposed to have made the contract.

As to the measure itself little can be said. It was necessary to find the money, and, if it was to be raised by taxation, Mr. GLADSTONE showed that it was on the whole better to avoid, as long as possible, any addition to the duties on commodities. It is unfortunate that the disagreeable process of payment should, as if on purpose, have been made as inconvenient as possible. But for the zealous concert of Mr. GLADSTONE with Mr. DISRAELI in 1858, the long-accustomed percentage of sevenpence in the pound would have been sufficient for the present year, after having been found not intolerable the year before. Mr. DISRAELI's theory that the nation will be contented with a double duty because it was pleased with last year's reduction, is worthy of the orator who in the same speech avows his sincere belief in the good faith and friendship of the Emperor NAPOLEON. As negligence or crotchety policy has now rendered a double impost necessary, it is unfortunate, though perhaps unavoidable, that the entire increase should be added to the burdens of the ensuing six months. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE still desires, as in the Crimean war, to render military expenditure as distasteful as possible to the country, but it is not surprising that two or three disciples should have deduced from their master's Budget an illustration of the policy which he was the first to announce and defend. His measure, in truth, amounts to a straightforward determination to take the necessary amount by the shortest process out of the tax-payer's pocket. Almost any other Chancellor of the Exchequer would have done the same without suggesting an inquiry into recondite reasons for so simple an act.

It is impossible, in the absence of official information, to decide whether a loan would have been desirable or justifiable, and it may be observed that the operation of reducing the malt credit is, in fact, an anticipation of future income. Last year Mr. GLADSTONE, without the smallest necessity, urged the Government to borrow two millions for the purpose of reducing the Income-tax; yet he is right in declaring that it is a violation of sound principles to borrow four millions merely to make good a deficiency of revenue to that amount. The real question turns on the sums which must be expended before the national defences are brought to the condition in which it is ultimately intended to place them. The supply of labour and materials, although large, is limited, and perhaps the Government may not be able to accelerate to any great extent the progress of the ships and fortifications which are to prove the national confidence in France. If ten millions could have been advantageously laid out, the Minister might well have borrowed the whole amount with Consols at 95, inasmuch as the charge properly belongs to the capital account. In short, it is necessary to submit to the Budget, and not unreasonable to assume that it may possibly be as sound in doctrine as it is unpalatable in practice.

Some members, as might be expected, recurred to the old dispute on the question of a graduated tax. As the impost, said Mr. CLAY, is evidently permanent, it ought to be fixed on an equitable basis. Mr. GLADSTONE might have replied that, if the tax is really permanent, it is fixed on an equitable basis already. A charge of fourpence in the pound of income, made once for all, falls on precarious incomes with twenty-fold or thirty-fold severity as compared with its incidence on property. When the process is repeated for twenty years, or for thirty years, as the case may be, it will be found that the inequality has entirely corrected itself. Yet it seems impossible to explain to minds made up on this question one of the simplest of arithmetical problems, and Mr. GLADSTONE was perhaps justified in contemplating the removal of a tax which might so easily be converted into an instrument of confiscation. Before the autumn campaign of agitation commences, Mr. BRIGHT will have time to fit the arrangements of the Budget into his speeches against the aristocracy. The manufacturing operatives will not fail to applaud his demonstrations that the rich, projecting for their own benefit unnecessary wars, always contrive to throw the whole burden of their extravagance on the shoulders of struggling industry.

MR. DISRAELI'S DEFINITIONS.

IT seems to be Mr. DISRAELI's business and pleasure to invent theories of Conservatism. The problems of the unprofitable science of metaphysics, "What are we? why are we?" appear to be preferred by him to any practical ques-

tions; and, as is the wont of persons with his tastes, he is always propounding his favourite points before auditors who are too obtuse to see any difficulty about them. The definition of his party offered at Merchant Taylors' Hall is certainly the thinnest we have had from him. Wherever, he says, there is Parliamentary government, there must be two parties; and one of these parties in England has for its nucleus a confederation of great families. The Conservative party is that party which is a party, but which does not depend on a union of great families. This looks very like accounting for Conservatism by the fact of Mr. DISRAELI's existence. It is quite certain that if there had not been two parties in England, and if one of them had not been lenient as to the pedigree of its leaders, Mr. DISRAELI would not be an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Man, said the ancient philosopher, is the measure of the universe. Mr. DISRAELI is the standard of English politics. There is much to be said for the theory, but it does nothing for the question which we at all events wish to see answered. It does not tell us what the Conservatives intend to conserve. What cause, object, or institution will they make a stand for? Or will they make a stand for anything whatever?

Both of Mr. DISRAELI's positions seem to us untrue, or untrue in the sense in which he intended them. The present time is particularly unfavourable for insisting that wherever there is Parliamentary government there must be two political parties. Even if we admit that there will always be two bands of politicians, corresponding to the two great forms of opinion, we must also acknowledge that just now they are less than ever crystallized into antagonistic and mutually repellent bodies. For the first time in at least half a century, there is a large fluid mass of voting power which trickles vaguely from side to side, according to the varying intensity of the attraction. At the last election but one, Lord PALMERSTON drew it in his own direction by the promise of a spirited foreign policy. Lord DERBY got back a great deal of it in the recent contest by offering everything to everybody—Reform to the reformer, economy to the political niggard, expenditure to the political spendthrift, a Church policy to the churchman, religious equality to the Ultramontane Romanist. The direct tendency of the new principles of progressive Conservatism or Conservative progress, is to solve, not to consolidate—to mix and confuse, not to separate or keep apart. Nor, again, are we very greatly helped to a knowledge of Conservatism by the fact that the Whigs are a confederation of great families. This favourite formula of Mr. DISRAELI's might have been used in the early part of the last century to discriminate the Whigs from the Tories; but at present, though not untrue, it is useless as a definition. The fact is, the Tories are just as much a confederation of great families as the Whigs. Each party includes powerful landed and titled houses, which give it votes in the Lords and electoral influence in the country. There cannot of course be a shadow of doubt that these aristocratic politicians would greatly prefer having their party led by men of their own blood and kindred. But then there is this difference between them. For a long time past the Whigs have been just clever enough to do their work for themselves. They have always had some one RUSSELL or GREY whom it was not positively disreputable to prefer to more plebeian competitors. The Tories have not been so fortunate. Putting aside the STANLEY family, whom they have borrowed (though for a single generation only) from the Whigs, they have not produced a single young nobleman with the stuff of a Prime Minister in him. This is the solitary cause of their apparent liberality in successively confiding the conduct of their affairs to a CANNING, a PEEL, and a DISRAELI. It is true that their submissiveness to their leaders appears at first sight to be on the increase. Of these three *novi homines*, the last does certainly seem to have had the widest latitude allowed him. But the reason is that, over CANNING and PEEL, he has one great advantage in occupying a nominally secondary position. PEEL and CANNING had no Lord DERBY above to cover the multitude of their tergiversations. Lord DERBY's facile acquiescence in Mr. DISRAELI's expedients is the great secret of their success with his party, which ingenuously believes that it is coaxed out of its dearest opinions by a brilliant patrician of the blue blood. This, however, is no great proof of its liberality to plebeian talent. Indeed, Mr. DISRAELI does himself considerable injustice when he attributes his present distinctions to the unexclusiveness of his party. He owes an unexampled posi-

tion partly to his intrigue, partly to his ability, partly to his luck. His ability made it inevitable that he should be leader, and his good fortune disencumbered him of a colleague in the leadership who would have debarred him from all indulgence in popular measures. If Lord GEORGE BENTINCK had lived there would have been no such thing as Conservative Progress.

Mr. DISRAELI, clothed in his Derby domino, has effected a complete transformation of Conservatism. The old Tory party, however he may choose to describe it, was pre-eminently a party of definite opinions. Abroad, it favoured the equilibrium of European States and disliked the extension of military despotism. At home, it desired the supremacy of the Established Church and the maintenance of the Protective system. It was opposed to Parliamentary Reform and to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. The men of genius whom it made its spokesmen have all been anxious to bend it from its obstinacy on one or other of these points; but, before Mr. DISRAELI, they were willing to leave it its old opinions on all subjects except the one on which they wished to liberalize it. Indeed, they sometimes exaggerated their firmness on certain questions for the sake of obtaining liberty on others. CANNING, for example, sought to excuse his views of Roman Catholic Emancipation by speaking with inexcusable bitterness of Parliamentary Reform. But Mr. DISRAELI, with the same taste for liberal measures which distinguished his predecessors in the Conservative head-quarters, has outstripped them in inventions for draining off the indignation by which they were ultimately overwhelmed. He does not allow his party to have fixed opinions at all. A certain number of lukewarm prejudices he does permit it to retain and to indulge when in Opposition, but he makes it thoroughly aware that it must be prepared to resign them when a sufficient object is to be gained by their abandonment. As Lord DERBY invariably backs up his suggestions, he is able to pass them off as sacrifices demanded by the welfare of his party—sacrifices as painful to himself as to anybody else; and then, as soon as his followers have got a little used to the new watchwords, he ministers to their vanity by vauntingly contrasting their generous zeal in improvement with the niggardly timidity of the Whigs. As this system has now been brought into regular working, Mr. DISRAELI will always be safe from the accusations of betrayal brought against former Conservative leaders who, in changing their policy, had the bad taste to appeal to their conscience and their convictions. But, great as is its advantage to himself personally, its value to his party is doubtful. The Progressive Conservatives, who conserve nothing, are in danger of being dissolved by the first great bribe which is offered to the constituencies from the other side. The analogous party in America, which they now strongly resemble, was destroyed in this very way; and it is symptomatic that Mr. DISRAELI has already persuaded them into the curiously American expedient of changing their name. Like the American Whigs when they became Republicans, they are seeking through re-baptism a new political birth. Meantime Mr. DISRAELI had better give up his fancy for defining them. The Merchant Taylors' Hall definition is, we believe, about the fifth in which he has attempted to include himself and his party; but the pile of hats is now too lofty to bear another stage.

THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTOES.

THE two potentates who the other day illustrated Mr. BUCKLE's theory of the prevalence of general laws and the nullity of personal influences in history by disposing of a world before breakfast, have condescended partly to inform the world how and why it has been disposed of. The case of the Austrian EMPEROR is a simple one. He had been reluctantly compelled to engage in war, not from his own desire to keep Lombardy, but from a paramount sense of duty towards his people. Heaven and the right were with him, but the luck was against him. Germany was obstinately blind, in spite of the generous inspirations of the press (an Austrian EMPEROR lauding the press!) to the "great question of the day," and refused him her aid. He might have tried the chance of arms again, and, trying it, he might have won; but he might not, and he would certainly have had to shed another torrent of blood. More was to be got by a personal interview with the French EMPEROR than by the mediation of the neutral Powers. Accordingly, he had the interview, and closed with

the terms offered. He ends by thanking his gallant army—over which an enemy always superior in number has gained only “advantages,” not “victories”—with “all the graceful ‘gratitude of power.’” To the soldiers and officers of the Austrian army, not their Emperor only, but Europe, owes a debt of gratitude. At Magenta and at Solferino, as at Wagram and at Asperne, they bore themselves bravely in that which is the cause of all nations against the aggressive insolence of France. They had to contend, they have ever had to contend, not only against the numbers of the enemy, but against the bungling of Imperial and aristocratic commanders. They did their duty heroically under the “cold shade” of the Clams and the Edward Lichtensteins. To them it is due that their Empire, if it is worsted and shorn of a province, is not dishonoured; and the plains which they have heaped with their own bodies and with the bodies of their enemies, will be monuments of their glory as well as of their generals’ shame. Though they fell, they dealt a blow in falling which will teach France what she may expect from armies less motley in their composition, better led, unembarrassed by treason in their ranks, fighting on their own soil and fighting for their own cause. If FRANCIS JOSEPH has a heart—and the devotion with which he has been served upon those bloody fields is enough to give him a heart, if he had none before—he will pay his people in something more than barren thanks. He will hasten to relieve them from the shameful and crushing yoke of Jesuitism and bureaucracy. He will give up the vain and suicidal attempt to make his heterogeneous empire a centralized despotism like those of France and Russia, and will restore it to the condition of an Imperial confederation, with national constitutions and administrations, as it was in its palmiest and most loyal days. In losing Lombardy, as Lombardy was under the recent administration, Austria has lost not a limb, but a cancer which spread poison through her whole frame, and, by forcing her to keep up enormous and ruinous armaments, slowly but surely consumed her vital powers. Yet even Lombardy might possibly have been converted into a true member of the Empire had it been administered as Hungary was administered in the time of MARIA THERESA.

The French EMPEROR has hurried away from the expressions of Italian gratitude to the blandishments of MM. MORNY and TROPLONG, who hail their returning “Hope and ‘Saviour’ in language which would have turned the stomach of XERXES, and are rewarded with a revelation of the Imperial reasons for leaving everybody in the lurch. The reasons were in effect three. First, Verona looked so ugly, and the Austrian army, after being all killed or taken prisoners, still presented so formidable a front, that “self-conquest” seemed more certain than another victory over the enemy. Secondly, Europe in arms was ready to “thwart our ‘successes or to aggravate our reverses.’” Thirdly, to advance further, it would have been necessary to accept the aid of “revolution.” The first plea is a sound and honest one. It was wise to leave off with victory, and not tempt again the fickle wing of the fortune which had wavered so long at Magenta and Solferino. The second plea, which is intended to hold up the neutral Powers to the odium of France, and to lay the ground for a future quarrel if it should prove convenient, is belied by the simultaneous declaration of the Emperor of AUSTRIA, who distinctly states that the neutral Powers would not have given him as much as he got from the Emperor of the FRENCH. The third plea is worth the consideration of those who imagine LOUIS NAPOLEON to be a miracle of far-sighted sagacity, and the one man who thoroughly understands his age. Understand his age, in a certain sense, he does—he knows that the locks he has to pick are not of the mediæval make, but BRAMAH’S. But he has not yet discovered, with all his penetration, that there is an essential antagonism between despotic dynasties and democracies, or that you cannot be at once the POPE’S “dear son in Jesus” and the active patron of GARIBALDI and KOSSUTH. Every editor of an English country newspaper foresaw and foretold, from the commencement of the enterprise, the political dilemma of which this political Lynceus first became aware under the walls of Verona.

LOUIS NAPOLEON’S address concludes with the formula—“The future will every day reveal additional cause for the ‘happiness of Italy, the influence of France, and the tranquillity of Europe.’” We will not say that the last words were insincere at the time they were uttered. We would not say that the words “The Empire is Peace” were insincere at the time they were uttered. But we are sure that both

the one assurance and the other came from the lips which swore allegiance to the French Republic, which most solemnly pledged fidelity to England in drawing her into the Russian war, and which the other day declared Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic, and by that declaration drew into the field thousands of Italian patriots who are now consigned to an “amnesty” for their pains. Circumstances change, and the hero of December, 1851, changes with them. Now M. LOUIS VEUILLLOT, now GARIBALDI, basks in his smile. War suddenly changes to peace—peace, if occasion calls, may as suddenly change to war. Those who have the tranquillity of Europe in their keeping will have need to look well to their charge. By this time, perhaps, experience may have taught them that diplomatic arts and cajoleries are weak when practised by Parliamentary Ministers against a man who is absolute master of vast armaments, who may choose his own time and his own pretext, and who is unfettered by moral restrictions in laying and carrying out his plans. Their only safe, as well as their only worthy course, is to take their stand on those broad principles of honour and plain dealing which have never been departed from but to our bitter cost, and on that common rule of social action which bids you maintain a dignified reserve towards those whom you cannot trust. If LOUIS NAPOLEON has a moral power in Europe to which his character does not entitle him, and which makes him more dangerous than he otherwise would be, it is to England that he owes it; and England may expect to be paid, and has already been in part paid, as she deserves. It is vain now to analyse the causes—the gambling speculation, the demoralizing luxury, the hero-worshipping theories of political ethics—which betrayed the nation in a fatal hour into a criminal worship of criminal success. It is needless to ask what frenzy or what meanness drove an English Ministry to pollute the very fountain of English honour by an act of complicity as gratuitous as it was degrading. It is enough to say that our offence has found us out, and found out most signally that class among us which is bound, as its first duty and the condition of its privileged existence, to preserve and uphold honour, but by which—in its base delight at seeing liberty and freedom of speech extinguished by the *coup d’état*—the chastity of English honour was most miserably sullied and betrayed.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

A GLANCE at the clause in the India Act which produced the recent mutiny of European local troops adds strikingly to our astonishment at the ignorance and precipitation displayed in framing that measure. The *Times* the other day described the Act as giving powers to somebody or other, and inferred that somebody or other was to blame for having indiscreetly employed the powers confided to him. The impression was a natural one, if these things are to be settled by impression; but in fact the India Act gave no powers at all. The clause referring to the local army is brief and altogether imperative, directing that the Company’s troops are henceforward to be the QUEEN’S. The Government of India (the Indian Council had, of course, nothing to do with the matter,) had only to communicate to the men the fact of their transfer to a new service, and the Calcutta lawyers were undoubtedly right on technical grounds in ruling that the troops had no claim to a fresh bounty. The solution of the difficulty which has actually been resorted to, inconvenient and dangerous as it is, is the only one which the rash innovations of the India Act permitted. The Government of India, recognising the troops as QUEEN’S troops, could give them their discharge, and that is what has been done. We are satisfied that no considerations of policy had the least part in the manufacture of the provision which has thus endangered an Empire. The clause is the draftsman’s clause simply. His words are brief and apt, and it is not he that is to be blamed for the consequences. The fault is with those who were responsible for the measure, and who did not perceive that a sentence may be fraught with a revolution. When shall we learn that words which have a familiar sound in English, and which to our ears describe one of the simplest of operations, may indicate in India courses of action which may alarm the boldest? Between the clause referred to and the fact at which it pointed, there lay a mass of questions of the deepest interest to the British soldier. Between the suggestion that the Bible shall be read in Hindoo schools and the establishment of such a system in India, is interposed every single difficulty which can perplex or appal a statesman.

LORD STANLEY is one of the last men whom one would accuse of committing himself precipitately to an opinion. Considering the prejudice which these recent events have introduced into the question of continuing a local European force, he must be deemed to have very strong reasons for the view he expressed the other night, when he said that the necessity of retaining the Europeans was the one thing which he was sure of about the Indian army. The experience of the Indian Minister is, in truth, needed to bring out the considerations which make it imperative to retain these troops. The reasons for abolishing them, and supplying their place with cycles of regiments from England, lie on the surface, and have in themselves no small importance. The existence of a double European force in India is anomalous, and nobody wishes to preserve an anomaly if nothing is to be gained by it. It is further extremely probable, both *a priori* and from the late disastrous occurrences, that the discipline of the local Europeans is below the accustomed standard of the moveable army. This last inconvenience is, however, remediable; and even if it were only partially so, it scarcely overweighs the risk of depending on ordinary Queen's troops. That risk arises from peculiar causes. The Military Department in England is too full itself of the most singular anomalies to furnish, by the fact of its existence, a reason for placing all Indian forces under its control. It cannot be trusted to exercise an equitable supervision over all parts of the Empire. It is sure to be unjust to India, whether there be war or peace in Europe. During peace, its object is to keep out of the Estimates as much as possible of its outlay; and it effects this by throwing the maximum of expense on the Indian Exchequer. War, on the other hand, or rumours of war, would be an irresistible temptation to strip India bare of Europeans. We imagine that the archives of the India House, open to LORD STANLEY alone and to his predecessors and successor, would fully establish the hazard of confiding India to the English War Department. The story they would tell would be a curious one. It would probably be found that, for fifty years before the Crimean war, the military authorities were absolutely shameless in their attempts to overreach the East India Company by saddling it with unnecessary troops, but that, when the war broke out, nothing but the firmness of LORD DALHOUSIE prevented India from being reduced to a condition which would have almost inevitably precipitated the native mutiny and ensured its easy success.

There is a sincere desire for military reform in England, and we are far from denying that the cause is now in good hands. It may therefore be that an improved central administration of the army will one day remove some of the objections to the complete fusion of the Indo-European corps with the rest of the QUEEN'S troops. It is also possible, though not very likely, that the House of Commons will bestow on the Indian Budget the same jealous attention which it gives to the ways and means of government at home. But even with increased securities for an equitable distribution of protection and cost between the mother country and its great dependency, we should still feel that India, under a uniform administration of the army, must always, in the long run, get less than justice. Unless war or mutiny have actually broken out in the East, it will always be the affairs of Europe which will have a dominant interest for the Ministry of War and for the august personages with which that Ministry, more than any other department of State, will of necessity be intimately connected. Those who suppose that India will receive a fair share of protection are under the delusion that she will always receive a fair share of public attention. But it is the nature of that strange country, where life absolutely stagnates whenever it is not in a condition of volcanic disturbance, to fall out of public view for long periods of time together. During these intervals of quiescence there is only too much chance that all the wrong will be done to India which is not directly prohibited by law or prevented by what are called the anomalies of our military system. She will be crowded with unnecessary European troops till they are wanted at home; and, when they are wanted, she will be stripped bare to a regiment. Nothing can prevent this except the preservation of the local corps, with all their drawbacks. They are in merited disfavour at present; but it is only fair to recollect that if the East India Company had been permitted to increase them to the full amount allowed by Act of Parliament, the Bengal mutiny would probably have been crushed at the outset.

PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

IT is possible that Italy may eventually benefit by the consequences of the war, but at present a large portion of the peninsula is involved in unprecedented confusion. The transfer of Lombardy to Piedmont, though unjustifiable in its form, corresponds with the interests and wishes of both populations. On the other hand, Venetia is further removed from the prospect of liberation than before the French intervention, for the remaining possessions of Austria in Italy are now virtually guaranteed by the Power which was alone capable of seriously disputing their tenure. It is in Tuscany, in the smaller Duchies, and the States of the Church that the end of the war seems to render new struggles inevitable as the only alternative of intolerable oppression. It would seem that, in his hurry to conclude the Peace of Villafranca, NAPOLEON III., while he repudiated his recent promises to Italy, forgot the difficulty of fulfilling his new obligations to the Emperor of AUSTRIA. The restoration of the fugitive Princes and the re-establishment of Papal authority in the Legations can probably only be effected by foreign troops, and it is scarcely credible that the French army will be employed in so anomalous a task. The King of SARDINIA will assuredly offer no active assistance in the reversal of his own avowed policy, and if Austria were allowed to interfere, the war which was undertaken to confine her within her own dominions would be deprived of its only plausible pretext. Even if the Tuscan army were once more to change its allegiance, the people would be given up without protection to the vengeance of the GRAND DUKE, and in Bologna the promise of an amnesty on the part of the Holy See would be equivalent to a menace of relentless persecution. It is impossible for the Emperor of the FRENCH to disclaim the responsibility of the revolutions which were wholly occasioned by his declaration of war against Austria. By his acts and his proclamations he invited the co-operation of all Italians, and it will be enough to leave his credulous confederates in the lurch, without assisting in the infliction of the punishment to which they may perhaps have exposed themselves.

The revolution in Tuscany, avowedly promoted by Sardinia, immediately received the open sanction of France. It is true that the annexation of the Duchy to Piedmont was not formally recognised; but the army was incorporated with a French division, and under the orders of an Imperial Prince it was employed, fortunately at a safe distance from the enemy, in the operations of the campaign. The liberator who was unable to endure with patience the long-continued misgovernment of the Roman States certainly told the deputies from Bologna that he had resolved on maintaining the temporal power of the POPE; but one of the most eminent Piedmontese statesmen was appointed to organize the military resources of the Legations for the benefit of the Italian cause, and if there had been time for the forces of the Romagna to join the allied army on the Mincio, the Emperor of the FRENCH would not have refused the aid which his proclamations had more than once invited. If independence or nationality has any meaning, the assailant of Austria was the professed champion of the cause which he has suddenly found it convenient to abandon. He cannot allow his reconciled enemy to use force for the reversal of his own policy, and it will be strange if he compels Florence to submit to the Prince who rode by the side of FRANCIS JOSEPH at the battle of Solferino. If recent rumours may be trusted, the Emperor of the FRENCH is conscious of his error, and willing to back out of his hasty promises at Villafranca. If he really abstains from interference in favour of the former Governments, he will have committed for once a breach of faith which humanity has no cause for deprecating. It is, in one sense, better to fail in the performance of the conditions of peace than to betray to their bitterest enemies the credulous believers in his good-will to Italy. His reported anxiety for a Congress is probably connected with his wish to devolve upon others the responsibility of establishing what is called by despots order.

It appears from the speeches of LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, that a Congress or Conference is likely to assemble, and it is certain that, sooner or later, European diplomacy must employ itself with the distribution of territory in the Peninsula. It may be hoped that the English Government will, in all negotiations, keep the welfare of Italy steadily in view. LORD MALMESBURY committed a serious error in wasting on the legitimate ambition of Sardinia the indignation which would have been more fitly bestowed on the dangerous tur-

bulence of France. The formation of a powerful kingdom in Northern Italy would have furnished some compensation for the defiance of public law, the destruction of treaties, and the partial subversion of the balance of power. Tuscany, and Parma, and Modena, even if they were governed by the best and wisest of Princes, are necessarily dependent on one of two great Powers, and consequently they perpetuate the foreign interference which has always been the curse of Italy. The protest of Russia against the revolution, as well as the significant silence of France, ought to have suggested the probable inference that the true policy of England would coincide with the undisguised wishes of Piedmont. It was wholly unnecessary to recognise on the instant a Government which was evidently provisional, but there was, at the same time, no reason whatever for anticipating a final decision on the fate of Tuscany. According to all approved precedents, a *de facto* change of Government becomes legal as soon as it is thought likely to be permanent. The people of Tuscany had, as far as England was concerned, a perfect right to expel the reigning dynasty, and the subsequent transfer of the Duchy to Piedmont might have been prudently promoted on obvious grounds of general expediency. If it is not too late, the same reasons may still be urged for converting a French or Austrian dependency into an important province of an independent Italian kingdom. Ministers will do well to unlearn the traditional cant of regarding revolution as a bugbear. The sole interest of England in the affairs of foreign States is that all should be prosperous, and that none should be dangerously powerful. There is no reason for anticipating any risk from the aggrandizement of Piedmont, and the latest experience shows that the former condition of Italy is fraught with the most serious danger to Europe. Sentimental regards for a lady who, though a BOURBON, has displayed sense and honesty in her administration, furnish no adequate reason for maintaining in Parma a petty sovereignty which has no means of defending itself except by the aid of some powerful neighbour. The Italians desire unity, force, and independence, and the personal claims of a few princely pretenders are wholly insignificant in comparison with the rights and wishes of the nation.

The Roman States must, perhaps, as long as they are governed by the POPE, be left without interference on the part of heretic Governments; but if the inhabitants of the Legations can once establish their independence, it will be the duty of England to recognise and defend them in their new and legal character. The scheme of the Italian Confederation, though at present utterly vague, may possibly furnish hereafter the basis of some useful and practical arrangement. The Presidency of the POPE, which would be offensive to Sardinia and by no means convenient to Naples, seems to form no essential part of the project. The selection was probably due to the memory of the Ecclesiastical Prince who represented NAPOLEON I. as the nominal head of the Confederation of the Rhine, but the POPE is more obnoxious and less manageable than a mere Archbishop of Mayence. At present, it is wholly uncertain whether any Italian potentate is willing to accept the condescending proposal of a general federation. It is at least certain that Sardinia will claim the same independent initiative which belongs to Prussia in the German League. In some respects, the moment is favourable for taking into consideration the permanent organization of Italy. Austria is discredited by the proof of her inability to maintain her pretensions, and France by the universal disappointment at the premature termination of the war. The counsels of England, if they are given in prudence and good faith, may perhaps once more find a hearing in the Peninsula, and at the present moment there is no excuse for offering any advice which could be distasteful to a true Italian patriot. A month ago, there was some reason to fear that Italian contingents might, as in the days of the First NAPOLEON, be liable to follow the standards of France in the enterprises which are probably meditated against the peace and liberty of Europe. The disenchantment of Villafranca once more enables the friends of freedom to sympathize with the cause of national unity and independence.

AN EXPERIMENT IN REFORM.

THE greatest difficulty in the settlement of the Reform question arises from the irrevocable character of what must be a somewhat uncertain experiment. The preliminary knowledge which Mr. CHADWICK, with a sublime indifference to the conditions of a great political problem, proposed

to gain by the agency of a Reform Commission, would really be very serviceable if there were any means of getting at it. The numbers and character of the voters who would be added to the electoral body by any of the proposed franchises are matters of the first importance, on which one is glad to seize upon any authentic information which may be forthcoming. Political Reform cannot well be tested experimentally. The leap must be taken in such light or darkness as we enjoy at present, and if it lands us in a quagmire we must make the best of a position from which there will be no retreat.

The little revolution which the Small Tenements Act effected in municipal elections is almost the only experiment which can be made to serve as a beacon for Parliamentary Reformers; and if a municipal constituency is not exactly the vile body on which a philosophical inquirer would desire to test his theories, it seems, from the evidence reported by the Lords Committee on the subject, to satisfy the condition more nearly than even the worst of rotten boroughs. The history of the experiment is curious. The franchise established by the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835 was limited to occupiers of three years' standing who had paid up their arrears of poor-rates, with the exception of such as might have accrued within six months before the settlement of the Rata. It so happened that the poorer occupiers were not much in the habit of paying their rates, and the consequence was that the municipal burgess roll comprised a very small proportion of persons who were rated below 6*l*. The good government of corporate towns does not appear to have suffered from the exclusion of the lowest class of voters; but it was thought important to give the parishes the means of collecting rates which, under the existing law, cost more to enforce than they brought into the parochial treasury. This was the only, or the only avowed, object of the Small Tenements Act of 1850. By that statute, such parishes as chose to adopt it were empowered to assess the landlords, instead of the occupiers, of all tenements rated below 6*l*. During the progress of the Bill, a clause was inserted giving the municipal franchise to all occupiers whose rates were paid by their landlords, and the result has been, in many cases, to double the numbers of the burgesses by the addition of those who pay no direct contribution to the parochial rates. As the Act was plainly beneficial in a pecuniary point of view, it was very generally adopted by the Vestries, without much consideration of its effect on municipal elections. The full extent of the mischief has not even yet shown itself. From the nature of the qualification, it took three years after the adoption of the Act before its influence could be much felt in Borough elections, and it is only since 1855 that the experiment of an unconditional rating franchise has been tried. Moreover, only one-third of the members of Town Councils go out of office every year, and it was therefore not till last year that the whole of their numbers could have been subjected to the operation of new constituencies. As large allowance must be made in all such cases for the influence of the old members, it will probably take several years yet before the Councils will reflect in its integrity the public opinion of the non-paying occupiers who often constitute the bulk of a municipal constituency. The experiment has not yet been tried long enough to produce much deterioration in the management of municipal affairs, and it is mainly from the accounts given of the election proceedings that the character of the constituencies must be judged. The abrupt termination of the last Parliament cut short the inquiries of the Committee at a very early stage, and their discoveries are confined to a few localities, of which Newcastle is the most prominent. There is of course a certain amount of discrepancy in the statements of witnesses who take opposite party views, but enough remains uncontradicted to give a useful warning to statesmen who may be disposed to bid too high for Mr. BRIGHT's support.

Mr. PATRICK JENNINGS is the witness who gives perhaps the liveliest picture of the local politics of Newcastle. The borough, according to this authority, is divided into two sections—the old party, who have not quite lost their majority in the Council, and the new party, who draw their chief support from the non-paying voters. The witness betrays his sympathies by his description of the rival parties. "The one call themselves the poor man's friends; the other 'is the party which have brought the town from what it 'was to what it is.'" Mr. JENNINGS' reflections on the new franchise fall naturally into the shape which might be expected from a shopkeeper of Conservative tendencies. "The 'greatest part of the change,' he says, 'is from a second-

"class quality of candidates coming forward, and trying to 'undo those that have managed the town before.' Perhaps his estimate of the councillors returned by the opposite party may be thought vague, and possibly prejudiced; but when he comes to the details of a great contested election for the ward of All Saints, his evidence is as specific as the most sceptical could desire. Influence, bribery, and personation are touched upon as among the occasional blots which deform the purity of Newcastle elections; but the real moving force seems to be supplied entirely by malt liquor. There is no hesitation about Mr. JENNINGS' opinion on this point, as the following extract from his evidence will show:—

Q. 553. Supposing two respectable inhabitants of your town were to stand as candidates for the Town Council, and one of them strictly determined not to give beer, and the other gave beer, which, in your opinion, would be certain to win the contest?

A. The Beer.

This answer is the concentrated essence of the evidence from beginning to end. Witnesses differ as to the comparative purity of the old and the new constituencies, but all acknowledge that success depends in a greater or less degree upon the excellence and abundance of the candidate's tap. The soaking process is described as beginning a fortnight before the election, and continuing without intermission until the votes are polled. The cost of a contest, mainly due to this cause, is variously estimated at from 150*l.* to 300*l.* The indulgence is not confined to the voters, for it seems to be the rule for the canvassers to retire together to the public house to refresh themselves at the candidate's expense at the close of each day's work. One gentleman, a kind of municipal FRAIL, gives the essence of his experience in an instructive anecdote. He tried, with a simplicity remarkable in a practised election agent, to impress upon a knot of voters the doctrine that the franchise is a trust; but the only rejoinder was, "Mr. HARRISON has given us a good tuck-out, will you give us 'something better'?" One of the stoutest defenders of the extended franchise admits that several of the elections have been very discreditable, that some of the non-paying voters are very ignorant, and that a margin of them are perhaps purchasable—the corrupting medium being, as all agree, rather drink than money.

The quality of the voters is not the only point on which a lesson may be learned from the working of the Small Tenements Act. In a large number of towns, a majority of the burgesses is now composed of the class who are rated below 6*l.*, and in some districts the constituency is altogether swamped by the gentlemen who contribute nothing to the rates which the Council has to expend. One example will suffice to show how completely a rating franchise would extinguish the voice of all but the lowest class. In one ward of Newcastle there are 214 rate-paying voters, besides 149 others who, having qualifications elsewhere, cannot be depended on for this particular district. Against this body there are 302 burgesses who owe their franchise to the Act of 1850. The one class pays upon an assessment of 15,000*l.*, while the predominant party is rated only on 660*l.*, and even this quota is paid by their landlords. These figures will doubtless delight the theorists who rail at the influence of property. It is a grand illustration of the Radical doctrine that representation should be coexistent with taxation, to see 660*l.* outweighing 15,000*l.*; but even if the more numerous class did not supply a liberal margin of votes to be bought with beer, it may be doubted whether those who pay 95 per cent. of the local taxation ought to be left in a minority in the election of the officers by whom the rates are to be administered.

The unmistakable voice of the country has, with great good sense, declared against Mr. BRIGHT's project of assimilating the Parliamentary franchise to that by which Town Councillors are returned; and there is one satisfactory feature about the evidence given before the Committee, which seems to show how far Reform may be carried without debasing the constituencies to the level of the lowest class of municipal voters. The occupiers of houses rated at 6*l.* and upwards are described by several witnesses in very favourable terms. There are artisans in such factories as Messrs. STEPHENSON's and Sir W. ARMSTRONG's who are spoken of as in every way worthy of the franchise; and those who are rated at from 6*l.* to 10*l.* are described as the very best class of working men. But it seems impossible to descend lower than this without throwing the predominant influence into the hands of the publicans, and making elections turn almost entirely on the supply of beer. The most

enthusiastic Reformer would perhaps hesitate to adopt this simple method of deciding on the merits of candidates for a seat in the Legislature. Many highly respectable men, it is true, still retain their seats at the Council Board of Newcastle, as well as in other places; but some of them are said to take little part in the business—which is not surprising, if a graphic picture in the evidence of one of the Town Council is to be taken as typical. "There is Mr. LAMB," observes this candid Councillor, "he seldom attends; and when 'there, is hissed by the parish surgeon.'" The selections made in other towns seem to show an occasional indifference on the part of the voters to the social status of their representatives. In Warrington it is related that there was a severe contest between a very respectable man and a tinker who did a little business as a receiver of stolen goods. The tinker was beaten by one vote, but the witness states that he would certainly have been returned but for the accident of his being committed to prison just one hour before the election ended. These, of course, are exceptional cases; but even one felonious tinker in the House of Commons would scarcely be welcomed as a desirable associate by politicians of the most advanced school. A Reform Bill to satisfy every one is too much to expect even from the old-established house of RUSSELL; but perhaps we are not going too far in recommending the authors of the next attempt not to extend the franchise to electors who are likely to sell their votes and influence for a pot of beer.

THE TWO VIEWS OF THE WAR.

THE small portion of the public that takes the trouble to read more than one morning newspaper watched with some interest to see how the *Daily News* would treat the news of the Treaty of Villafranca. This journal had made itself the special representative of the Italian cause. It had inserted the most enthusiastic communications of the most enthusiastic Italians. It had gone in for unlimited confidence in Louis Napoleon. It was quite sure that the Austrians would be chased from the Alps to the Adriatic. Suddenly, the news came that the dream of Italian independence was at an end, and that Louis Napoleon had coolly turned his back on Italy. What would the *Daily News* say? To its credit, and to the credit of English journalism, it boldly owned that it had been completely wrong. This was an innovation on the established custom of its calling. It is one of the oldest maxims of the newspaper world that no journal should ever admit that it has made a mistake. It may eat its words, or explain them away, or simply leave the whole subject alone; but to say, in black and white, that an error has been committed, is always held inadmissible. The *Daily News*, however, would not hold by the tradition. Being wrong, it said it was wrong, and its readers felt that it was quite in keeping with its general character that it should venture on so much imprudent truthfulness. Its peculiarity is that it is a paper at once honest, and extreme. If it had not been prone to run into extreme views, it never would have got into the scrape. If it had not been honest it never would have got out of the scrape by acknowledging its own blindness. In both points—its vehement enthusiasm and its courageous veracity—it represents a side, and a very important side, of English character.

We hear enough of a side which is the direct contrary—of that portion of English thought which is associated with compromise, prudence, and good criticism. The leading papers and the leading statesmen of England all concurred in taking a view of the Italian war very different from that maintained by the *Daily News*. They distrusted the movement altogether. No good could, they thought, come of a war begun in such a manner and undertaken under such auspices. They were not satisfied with thinking only of Italy—they sank the Italian in the European question. The event has proved them right. They have not had any mistake to acknowledge. Critics, if they are wide and generous in the scope of their criticism, are almost always right; for criticism is nothing, or little else, than seeing the difficulties of things, or, what is the same, seeing the counterbalancing good and evil of things. Human affairs are so constituted that if we pursue a single line we are inevitably wrong. Something is left out, and then we have to face reaction, doubt, and disappointment. The English Constitution, if it has one merit more prominent than another, has the merit of recognising the complexity of human action, and of giving some kind of play to the different springs which impel different classes of men. A man who knows the world, a successful and practical statesman, a temperate theologian, a fair literary or artistic critic, all agree in this—that they have learnt to balance one thing against another. We feel that they have got to the truth of things, so far as truth has been attained; and yet we must acknowledge that the one-sided men have the immense merit of furnishing the materials which the others measure, of carrying on the movement which the others regulate, of doing and thinking the deeds and thoughts which the others criticise. If every one was temperate, prudent, right, constitutional, animated with the spirit of

compromise, and so forth, it is difficult to see how the world could ever get any forwarder. Critical constitutionalists are right, but they are powerless. It is the people who make mistakes that achieve the great things in this life. It is so in daily experience—it is so in the leading crises of national history. All genius is individual, and every or almost every individual of genius has his weak side, his limits, his peculiar wrong direction. And yet it is not good judgment, but genius, that works the great changes of the human race. So with men in the relations of social life. Society is only kept from being fossilized by its members being wrong-headed. We go into a room and find the society entertaining. We see a display of individual tastes, fancies, and habits. This man is a strict vegetarian; that man is a Swedenborgian; a third believes in Mr. Disraeli's novels; a fourth has just returned from investigating whether a lake in the centre of Africa is composed of salt water or fresh. The arguments against all these things are overpowering. The criticism which shows that the human stomach is made for animal food, that Swedenborg knew no more than his neighbours about heaven and hell, that Coningsby could not possibly believe in himself, is impervious. But the critic lives and thrives on this food for his criticism. If all the party were judicious, cautious, epigrammatic, argumentative people, they would at once run each other through the body like the combatants in a triangular duel, and so come to a dead lock. This is of all human things the most wonderful—more wonderful even than the existence of evil in the abstract; for good thus seems dependent on evil for its prosperity. Philosophy is but the sum of fruitful errors; society is but the confluence of eccentricities; politics are but the shape given by wise men to the work of fools.

It is the peculiar strength of England, that although the general turn of her thought and the general cast of her institutions have been inclined to moderation and compromise, she has yet been constantly rich in enthusiasts—in men who have taken extreme and one-sided views, and who have taken them honestly. The infinite oddities and absurdities of English character are reflected in the extraordinary sects and opinions that mark the religious and political history of the British Isles. The wonderful persistency, the tenacity, the dogged hold of life displayed by the tiny knots of persons into which the outlying forms of thought and belief ultimately settle, are hardly credible until we actually come across them in experience. Probably there are twenty sects in England and Scotland the adherents of which do not exceed a dozen. Nothing is more singular than that the members of those sects are quite happy and quite sure they are simply and positively right. There is, we believe, a sect called the Anti-Glassites, with seven members, and yet these seven members are staggered neither by the thought that a thousand millions of men disagree with them, nor that in order to arrive at perfect truth you must first know what a Glassite is in order to dissent from him. To be an Anti-Glassite is to carry contempt for criticism almost to an extreme. But it was a contempt for criticism, the same in kind, only less in degree, that enabled Clarkson and Wilberforce and their followers to abolish the Slave-trade. Criticism, sound judgment, the spirit of compromise, would never have put an end to the Slave-trade. In fact, criticism even now scarcely knows whether to approve of the abolition or not, and perhaps posterity may come to the conclusion that the Act of 1833 was a generous mistake. Enthusiasm prevailing over criticism so far as to be allowed to take a course which, on the whole, is more right than wrong, is the history of a progressive nation. The absence of enthusiasm, or the triumph of unchecked enthusiasm, is the history of a stagnant nation, or of a nation running into an abyss of difficulty. The French are abundantly rich in those excellences which adorn the *Daily News*. In the days when French thought existed, there was a long series of eminent men who all took one-sided views of a generous kind, and maintained them honestly. Unfortunately, the other element—the men of critical, right-judging, cautious impartiality—has been wanting in France, and the consequence has been Louis Napoleon.

Men are born prone to one side or the other, and it is more by constitution and training than deliberate choice that an individual belongs to the one-sided enthusiasts or to the critics. If we are to compare the two, we most decidedly give the preference to the latter. For even if both equally enjoy the pleasure of thinking they are right, the latter do so on the more reasonable grounds. No critic can ever wish that he had made the mistakes he detects. No one who foresaw the desertion of the Italians by Louis Napoleon can wish that he had believed in the Liberator of Italy. No one who sees that a poem is affected, that a style is bad, that a theologian creates the adversary he defeats, that a measure of reform will do great injustice, can possibly regret that he is not blind to these faults. And yet a critic must rejoice that the motive power of the world is strong, and may even, taking one lot with another, think the enthusiast as enviable as his more clear-sighted judge. A person sensitive to theological difficulties may admire the missionary who is sure not only that he has the truth, but that he can teach it to a Hindoo. A reader who sees the faults of a poem may wish that he could have experienced the emotions that have occasioned it. A politician, acquainted with the House of Commons and the practical conduct of elections, may be tempted to long that, like the *Daily News*, he could believe there was a great, pure, con-

sistent, united Liberal party, right in all its objects and sure of all its steps.

Nothing, on the other hand, is more common than to complain of critics for doing exactly what they ought to do. They are said to have no generous sympathies, to take for granted that they are superior, to make light of the honest creeds and opinions of men, to measure genius by the Rule of Three. But more often than not the critic is quite right. He has objected to vague sympathies determining the course of national action; he has shown that considerations unnoticed by the persons criticised must be taken into account; he has protested against the waywardness of a gifted mind. But his detractors will not see this, because they insist on imputing to him a belief that he himself could have done better. This arises from an entire misapprehension. A critic may be only a critic. He has to judge, not to create. Having a wider perception of truth than one-sided persons have, he says what he has learnt from this excellence of his mind. But he does not necessarily pretend to motive power, and must recognise that this power often resides in those whom he sees to be in error. Fortunately, in a country like England, where the spirit of compromise has so long prevailed, and where nevertheless there have been so many forms and directions of one-sided enthusiasm, the two characters are always running into each other. The positive dogmatism, the uncompromising exposition of first principles which used to mark French literature, are rare here, and even when present usually appear in a tempered form. And even the best, the wisest, the most stern and searching critics have often some one enthusiasm to which the bent of their character and the circumstances of their life have made them inclined. We noticed last week a conspicuous instance of this in the evident leaning of Mr. Mill towards the French Republicans. Very frequently the exception to a critic's impartiality is to be found rather in some unreasonable antipathy, than in an unjustifiable predilection. But an absolutely impartial critic would perhaps be more than human, and every Merlin has his weakness, if we can but find it out.

HOW TO TREAT A HERO.

MANY excellent persons have stated their dissatisfaction at what they consider the slender honours bestowed by Government upon Sir John Lawrence. We are by no means certain that his admirers have even now abandoned all idea of pressing their hero's further claims on Parliament. But the Evangelical Alliance and the Worshipful Company of Grocers have successively taken up the business of expressing the feelings of their countrymen, and it may be hoped that they have efficiently performed it. We have heard it asked, Why should not Sir John Lawrence be made a peer?—and if the amount of service were to form the sole measure of reward, it would not be easy to answer why he should not. But every one is aware that a man who starts from the middle class does not usually reach the peerage by a single stride, however great may have been his services, and however eminent the ability he has displayed. The only thing that the Sovereign could find to do with a late Indian Minister was to make a peer of him; and Mr. Vernon Smith, it must be remembered, held power over the whole of India, while Sir John Lawrence governed only a single province. And besides, the tying up of papers with red tape at Westminster has always been considered a far higher service than the moulding of fierce barbarians into a disciplined and obedient army in a remote province. This, we say, has always been so considered, at least by the red-tapists, in whose hands rests the apportionment of honours, and whose opinion, therefore, is alone entitled to attention. And if this reasoning of ours fails to satisfy the more ardent admirers of Sir John Lawrence, we can show that the Grocers' Company, who undertook to become the mouthpiece of the whole nation, have, as became such an august and prudent body, considered not only what Sir John Lawrence has done, but whence he is.

This Worshipful Association lately presented to the Duke of Cambridge and to Sir John Lawrence the freedom of their ancient Company. Now, we wish to speak with the respect which everybody feels for the brave soldier who commands the English army. Still, if a comparison be made between the public services of the two gallant Grocers, it must be owned that those of Sir John Lawrence have been the most important. "Well then," say simple people, "why is not Sir John Lawrence to be made a peer?" If any of the unworldly and Evangelical admirers of gunpowder Christianity were invited to the late festivities at Grocers' Hall, they may possibly have gained some perception of the true reason. The Worshipful Company elected his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge "in testimony of the high sense of respect" they entertained for him. They also elected Sir John Lawrence "in testimony of the high sense of esteem" they entertained for him. They "respect" a Royal Duke, but they can venture to "esteem" one of the men who saved India; and they tell the Queen's cousin, that "Royal, noble, and illustrious persons" have preceded him on the roll of Grocers, but a similar apology for the society into which he had been brought was not thought necessary in the case of one whose great position had been won by his own unaided strength. An Indian preconsul may deem himself honoured in being simply made a Grocer, but a peer of Royal blood needs some assurance that personages equally magnificent have

submitted to the same ceremony before. The Worshipful Company understood quite well why Sir John Lawrence could not be, and ought not to be, a peer; and as their admiration of his character and exploits is beyond all doubt genuine, we trust that their nice discrimination between "respect" and "esteem" will be imitated by his less discreet friends. Respect and a peerage belong to aristocratic birth, and esteem and a baronetcy are enough for plebeian merit.

But if Sir John Lawrence's admirers have really any ground for blaming the coldness and parsimony of Government, they have certainly adopted very strange methods of testifying their own warmer gratitude. Private enterprise has offered to undertake several things which used to be done by Government, and it seems that the remuneration of distinguished services is henceforth to be added to the list of duties which are to be performed in an improved modern fashion. Official action gave Sir John Lawrence a pension and a baronetcy, and voluntary movement adds one address "engrossed on vellum," one ditto "beautifully emblazoned on parchment and enclosed in an elegant box," the approbation of the Evangelical Alliance and of the Grocers' Company, and several speeches without and several more with the agreeable accompaniment of a good dinner. And this, it seems, is all that can be done to reward a hero. He has got and may keep as an heirloom, until it rots, a piece of parchment to which are attached the genuine autographs of the Mayors of Wells and Durham, and another piece adorned with the arms of the Grocers' Company of London, with a box—material not stated—in which to keep the latter; and by no reverse of fortune can he fall so low as Belisarius, because he may open a grocer's shop within the City, and the admirers of a vigorous and Christian policy in India would not fail occasionally to buy a little tea and sugar of him.

However, it matters not what may be our own estimate of these honours. We may think that posterity, which is expected to ratify the judgment of the Evangelical Alliance, would have a better opportunity of doing so if the record of it had been inscribed upon a more costly and durable substance than vellum. If the Alliance had in hand the recognition of the services of a curate who had faithfully testified against Popery, it could do no less than subscribe a sufficient sum to give him a handsome piece of plate and a purse of sovereigns. But a chief servant of God and of his country is put off with some flourishing upon a piece of parchment and the veritable signatures of several Evangelical mayors. One cannot but call to mind Erskine's form of answer to applications made to him on behalf of charities—"I have the very highest possible opinion of the philanthropic object which you have in view. You have my most cordial wishes for its success, and I have great pleasure in subscribing [here he turned his paper] myself your obedient servant, Thomas Erskine." But it is enough to say, in answer to all such gibes, that Sir John Lawrence, who is the best judge, has declared himself satisfied with the honours bestowed upon him. He observed to the worthy and hospitable Grocers that Solon had advised King Croesus to call no man happy before his death; but perhaps, if Solon could have received the freedom of the Grocers' Company, he might—so the speaker hinted—have seen reason to modify that opinion. A live grocer is better than a dead king, and one who enjoys the actual esteem of an ancient and wealthy guild may venture to defy the possible frowns of fortune. Thus thinks Sir John Lawrence standing in Grocers' Hall. How he thought, or is able to represent that he may have thought, in the crisis of the Indian mutiny is even more surprising. The late Governor of the Punjab, as we all know, is an able and fearless statesman, and sincere, and perhaps a little demonstrative, in his professions of religion. He proclaims his determination to do Christian things and none others, and to do them in a Christian way. He has become the darling hero of the Evangelical Alliance, because he rendered eminent service at once to the State and to Protestantism; and the Grocers' Company distinguishes between its two youngest brethren by noticing that the Duke of Cambridge is loyal, able, and courageous, and liberally supports the public charities of the metropolis; while Sir John Lawrence, by his loyalty, integrity, and ability, "and by his reliance upon the Giver of all wisdom," maintained the security of the Punjab. The first of the elected Grocers can only show good works, while the second has joined to his works faith. But Michael Cassio has told us that soldiers go to Heaven according to seniority, and admission to the Grocers' Company is regulated by the same principle. It would rather seem that Sir John Lawrence is believed by his admirers to differ from Indian heroes generally in this—that he put his trust in Providence and kept his powder dry, while Gun Cotton and the rest of them kept their powder dry merely. It is consonant with the ideas which prevail in the Evangelical Alliance that it and those whom it delights to honour should assume a kind of special property in religion. We could have imagined a very saleable little volume describing how Sir John Lawrence held the Punjab tranquil during the mutiny. It should be as lively as an ordinary worldly book, and yet should be adapted to Sunday reading by giving prominence to the fact that Sir John Lawrence entertained religious thoughts. But, unhappily for this literary speculation, Sir John Lawrence, in Grocers' Hall, deemed it necessary to make a speech, and in order thereto to turn his mind into a strange and incongruous course of thought. In the circumstances in which he and his comrades had been involved in India he said that he had felt—what? We can imagine the

intense interest with which Evangelical Allies hung upon the next sentence. He had felt "the force of the remarks" of Lord Macaulay, when he asks—

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Listen to this, Mahometans and Hindoos; and listen to it also, oh! ye fervid Protestants, who would convert the Indian races out of hand from the errors of the Koran and the grosser corruptions of polytheism. Are there Indian correspondents in London who translate the newspapers for the information of those champions of the ancient forms of faith who dread the zeal of white-faced missionaries? If so, their alarm will cease, as it turns out, after all, that those few among the strangers who have any religion at all hold substantially the same beliefs, and practise the same rites as they do themselves. Sir John Lawrence, it appears, has borrowed the policy of the Romans, who admitted the deities of a conquered province to a place in their national Pantheon. An eloquent meed of justice has been paid by Mr. Merivale, in his History, to the virtues of the lieutenants of the Emperors, who in their distant provinces "worshipped all the gods after the custom of antiquity, but trusted no god but their country." But Mr. Merivale is not likely to be recommended by Lord Shaftesbury for a bishopric, nor do we think that he could write a history of the Indian mutiny which the Evangelical Alliance would warrant to be safe Sunday reading. If it were our own part to celebrate the valour and the policy which, amid warlike and newly conquered tribes, and a wavering or openly rebellious soldiery, held the Punjab for England, and helped to regain for her Delhi and Lucknow, we might bethink us of some other "remarks" of Lord Macaulay, and compare this bold, and wise, and pious chief to—

The servant of the Lord,
With the Bible and the sword.

But under the supposed necessity of saying something uncommon at a public dinner, Sir John Lawrence has drawn a picture of himself wielding his unsparing sword to the terror and destruction of mutineers, and cheering his own and his comrades' spirits with a stanza of a pagan ballad.

A NEW "AFFAIRE DU COLLIER."

CALL no man happy till he dies! Here is a commentator of Shakespeare who all his life has been labouring incessantly at one great object—the illumination by every possible means, from the most imaginative rocket to the most humble candle, of the text of the great poet of humanity. What dark corners dear to bibliographers, what dusty shelves of the bibliopole, have not been ransacked and scrutinized, to shed one ray of light, however doubtful, upon those sacred and mysterious pages! Where was a greater commentator on Shakespeare than Mr. Collier? Who has searched more diligently in the dry dust of antique writings, or who has drawn more largely from the fountains of imagination to water that arid soil of Shakespeare's biography, than Mr. Collier? Critics have bowed down to him—Emperors have sent their ambassadors to his court. At this moment Bavaria and Russia have each an emissary in England collecting honey from Mr. Collier's Shakespeare-garden. A Lord Chancellor has dedicated a book to the illustrious commentator, the keen-sighted discoverer of *Tho. Perkins's* folio of 1632. One would have thought Mr. Collier a happy man. The smallest wish one could have expressed on his behalf had been at least that one so industrious in his object, and so successful in attaining it, should have enjoyed an old age rendered perpetually green by the laurels he had gathered during a long life of labour. Alas for the vanity of human aspirations! The green leaves of his chaplet are frittering to ashes. Poor Mr. Collier! Is it true that his swans may be geese? Can it be that he has not been able to recognise the farm-yard cackle in the song he listened to with so much complacency, and would fain have fancied to be the last song—or rather later than the last song—from the Swan of Avon? One knows what it is to have a fixed idea, and who that has one but can sympathize with Mr. Collier in this curious hoax of the "Ancient Commentator?" It is amusing to find the learned pundits of the British Museum expending their energies and evolving their experiences to prove, not how good a joke Mr. Collier has practised on the world, but how good a joke the world and some wicked wag have practised upon him. When one reviews the circumstances, one feels puzzled how a man so marvellously well skilled in ancient documents should have been so marvellously well taken in.

An old bookseller is curious in old books. A parcel has come from the country—what wag sent it is not yet known. It is directed to the old bookseller; and among the volumes it contains is one remarkable enough—a volume which, under the name of the Collier folio *Shakespeare*, will probably have a chapter in history to itself next in place to that of a certain diamond necklace—the main difference, perhaps, being in the uncertainty as to who plays the part of Cagliostro in the events which that chapter will record. At the happy nick of time—before the old bibliopole had even thought of entering the purchase in his day-book, much less of exhibiting the volume to his best customers, yet not too soon to have effected the purchase of the said parcel—

in steps the Shakspearian Commentator. The ancient bookseller exhibits the old tome. It is a snuffy, ragged, tattered thing, all scribbled over, and besmeared with writing, stains, and blots—a worthless copy of Shakspeare's second edition. Can one not fancy the twinkle in the Commentator's eye as he pays down his few unrecorded shillings for the now much-recorded volume, and walks with somewhat hasty step, perhaps—and, it may be, with not quite composed demeanour—to his home? What happened there? Did he at once sit down to scan its pages, or did he permit the old book to wait in peace for its next appearance in the drama? Whatever happened to the volume, nature ran out her course with the old bookseller. He was struck, so to say, as a warrior on the battle-field. A paralytic stroke overtook him in the hallowed precincts of the King's Library in the British Museum. The Commentator, with great delicacy, waited some three years after the decent interment of the bibliophile, and then announced to the world the existence of the beameared old tome. It seems a pity the announcement had not been made at the time of the transaction. Perhaps the wicked wag with whom the hoax originated might then have been discovered by a direct process of inquiry. As it is, it can only be by indirect process that the result will be arrived at—as arrived at it surely will be.

However, the announcement is made—the trumpet is blown—and the volume is ushered into the presence of a public of critics. It was a strange old book. It bore on its outside a name—the name of not Richard but Thomas Perkins. It had been “*Tho. Perkins his booke*.” The Commentator was all eagerness. He had not even seen anything suspicious in the colour of the ink in which the said *Tho. Perkins* had endorsed his name—had not even smelt a rat or suspected an allusion in the rough sheep or imitation calf, in which the volume had been bound. Stranger than all, he had never, in his eager scrutiny of its pages, detected ten thousand modern pencil-marks—rubbed out indeed, but not effaced from its margins; nor had he detected, in the simulated hand of the old commentator, and in the very ink that he wrote with, indications which no less sanguine critic could have allowed to escape him in the course of a scrutiny so close as the Commentator's must have been. To be sure, the pencil-marks may, at the time of his scrutiny, have been so exceedingly recent that—as sometimes happens with quite freshly rubbed-out pencil—they may have seemed effaced, when in fact they were but hidden by a loose surface of paper particles, and they may have since then emerged into their present prominence. Be that as it may, we may be quite sure the Commentator did not see them—much less did he appreciate the strange discrepancies in the forms of the letters that built up the words by which the wag had replaced the pencil-marks. Least of all, had he apprehended the singular anachronisms by which some of the modern words employed in the emendations betrayed the, after all, unscholar-like acquirements of the still clever deceiver.

Clever he undoubtedly was; for even if it be proved that the best emendations are all to be found in the writings or unpublished correspondence of Shakspearian commentators, the selection of them would evince great discrimination, as well as large labour. It would prove, in fact, that the Commentator himself had been taken in by one as competent, to say the least of it, to commentate as himself. No wonder Mr. Collier laboured to throw back into the ages the antiquity of his rival. One could almost forgive the Commentator turning his blind eye to the modernisms, and to anything suspicious that his keener vision might have scanned in the corrections of the old book. To confess their contemporary character would have been to confess a rival in the field of Shakspearian literature at least as capable as himself; and one need hardly wonder at his grasping at any straw, supposing such a suspicion could have crossed his mind. Whether this were so or not, one at first could hardly glean from the Commentator's behaviour. He hears that a Mr. Parry had possessed, and had lost, a bescribbled old edition of Shakspeare; and to Mr. Parry the Commentator bies. He is so eager to identify the volume, that he even forgets to take it with him. Did he apprehend a possible claim on his treasure-trove? But he takes a *fac-simile* of a part of a page of it, which Mr. Parry recognises as very like his. Mr. Parry is a gentleman of ancient family, and happily has not gone the way of the old bibliophile, but is a healthy, hearty old gentleman, with a distinct recollection of his lost folio, though it did come to his possession half a century ago; and he remembers no less vividly the circumstances connected with Mr. Collier's interview with him. The donor of the book was a Mr. George Gray. Mr. Collier supposes him to have obtained it at a book sale at Upton Court, the seat of a family named Perkins, whom Mr. Collier fain would trace up to Richard Perkins, an actor in Charles I.'s reign—whom he further wishes to identify with a Richard Perkins, Esq., who married a Lady Mervin, and who lived at Upton Court. It is a pretty story, and, if true, might have given a pedigree to Mr. Parry's folio of 1623. In fact, then, Mr. Parry had an old Shakspeare, but lost it. Its margins were written all over, and *this* book may have belonged to a person whose name was Perkins. Is not this enough? Thanks to Mr. Parry's excellent memory, love of truth, and urbanity, it has proved not quite enough—at least, if enough for Mr. Collier's purpose—not quite enough for history. Mr. Parry's folio was the edition of 1623—Mr. Collier's is that of 1632. Mr. Parry states that his was a thinner book—the 1623 edition is so. Mr. Parry's volume was in smooth leather, and lettered on the back. Mr. Collier's is in a rough imitation calf, and not lettered

at all. Mr. Parry's had no “*Tho. Perkins*,” nor anything else on its cover, and the emendations were cut through by the binding; but they are not so in Mr. Collier's vaunted folio. Mr. Collier need not, then, have feared Mr. Parry's claiming his discovered treasure; and one cannot but regret that he allowed either his eagerness to make him oblivious, or his fears of a possible reclamation to make him cautious of showing his book to Mr. Parry, who, as it was, never saw it till July 13th, 1859. Mr. Collier, indeed, has a reminiscence of having shown the book one day out for a walk in a hurried way to Mr. Parry. But Mr. Parry remembers the walk by the fact of his having been crippled at the time by an accident, and emphatically denies to the officers of the British Museum that Mr. Collier had such a book with him. Other circumstances in the case go to prove a weakness of memory on Mr. Collier's part. Without doubt the perpetrator of the forgery has not been slow to avail himself of the facilities afforded him by such a weakness.

One feels disposed to ask whether this same cunning wag who wrote the “*Tho. Perkins his booke*,” on the imitation calf cover of the Collier folio had not some inkling of heraldry, and had not first designed the little “*Perkins*” incident in its history, and afterwards put his victim on the scent of it. Or must one accept the other alternative—that the name of “*Tho. Perkins*” appearing on the cover of his folio set Mr. Collier himself on the search for an explanation the ingenuity of which is hardly less remarkable than that of the many other ingenious things which adorn the tale? At any rate, the history of this strange forgery need not be pursued any further at present. More, no doubt, will soon be known about it.

Who is so cold-hearted, or so sure of his own strength in presence of the powers of humbug, as not to be able to feel sympathy with the victim of so admirable a hoax? It is true that it was certainly carried too far—the world, and not Mr. Collier only, being fooled for a time by the success of the forgery. One might, for a moment, perhaps, fancy that one had rather be a rogue of so rare a sort than the fool of so unprincipled a roguery. Yet, levity aside, when one considers it, even apart from the morality of the question, a hoax must lose its point, and even its vulgar pleasantry as a practical joke, just in proportion as its machinery consists in deception and verges upon depravity; while in this strange case, whoever has been the perpetrator of the forgery must be a man who has acquired a very rare amount of Shakspearian lore, and has acquired it only to make a use of it as base and despicable as his device to palm it off on the world has proved to be mean and miserable.

MAILS AND TELEGRAPHS.

ONE of the inconveniences inseparable from Parliamentary Government is the disproportionate weight attached to everything of a party or personal character. All are agreed that it is a matter of the gravest importance that the contracts entered into by this country on so large a scale for postal and telegraphic communication should be placed under such regulations for the future as will exclude the combined extravagance, corruption, and comparative inefficiency which are justly complained of. Yet, to judge from the tone of the debate on Mr. Bouverie's motion, it really would seem to be thought that the sole object of the Committee was to establish a charge against the late Government, and that the Dover and Galway scandals were the only subjects which required investigation. We do not wish to see these or any other specimens of the abuse of official influence screened by a partial report; and, thanks to the audacity with which future exposure was risked to serve the purpose of the hour, it will scarcely be possible for the Committee, though numbering a quorum from among the accused themselves, to pronounce a verdict of acquittal. The history of the Galway concession is well known. Much may be said in favour of the policy of establishing a Transatlantic line from the most western port of the British islands. Something, too, of a less satisfactory kind may be urged as an apology for giving special encouragement to an undertaking which promises to develop the commercial energies of Ireland. But no excuse can be offered for the manner in which the contract was smuggled into existence while competing contractors were kept at bay by what was substantially a false representation. Mr. Lever's rivals were deliberately misled by a general statement of the practice of the Treasury, which may have been true enough in terms, but which conveyed, and must have been intended to convey, the impression that the principle of competition would not be departed from in the case of the Galway contract. The questionable faith of this proceeding would have been bad enough at any time, but when the course adopted did in fact purchase a political adherent who had advertised himself for sale at the very price which the late Ministers, on the eve of the election, consented to pay, it requires more charity than belongs to ordinarily constituted minds to suppose that it was only by a curious accident that a Tory vote was won by an act of almost unexampled favouritism.

The story of the Dover treaty has now come out in all its details, and as there is no discrepancy whatever between Mr. Bouverie's version and Sir S. Northcote's explanation, there can no longer be a doubt of the nature of the transaction. Mr. Churchward is a gentleman known as a Conservative of great influence in Dover, and the employer of upwards of 100 free and indepen-

dent electors, whose votes are at his command. Like many other eager politicians he has signalized himself by occasional bribery, and he shares the misfortune of the unlucky Mr. Stonor in having had his performances in this department detected and condemned by an Election Committee. Since 1853 Mr. Churchward has held the Dover mail contract. In 1855 an extension of time was allowed on the ground that the original bargain was a very favourable one for the country, and that the contractor had been unfortunate enough to lose one of his vessels. Since that time the duties of the service had been increased by an addition to the number of Indian mails, and in other ways, and a little bill was annually sent in to the Treasury for this extra work, and was acknowledged as a moral though not perhaps as a legal claim. In 1857, an application to commute these extra payments into a fixed subsidy of 1500*l.* a-year was at once refused. By a merely fortuitous concurrence of events Mr. Churchward's star rose as that of the Government sloped towards the west. The old application was renewed at the commencement of the present year, but with additions. The demand was now for 2500*l.* instead of 1500*l.* additional subsidy, and to this was appended a request that the contract which would terminate in 1863 might be prolonged to 1870. It is only fair to Mr. Churchward to state the disinterested motives which prompted his application. He desired to substitute a fixed 2500*l.* per annum for his annual bills for extras, because by this means the country would save 100*l.* a-year. He was anxious to add five years to the duration of his contract, because he had found it a very hard bargain for himself. In February the Admiralty recommended that the patriotic contractor should be allowed to sacrifice himself in the manner proposed. Early in March the Postmaster-General investigated the matter, and came to the conclusion that it would not pay to accept the generous offer. There the matter rested for a time, but on the last day of March there was a division in the House of Commons which caused a dissolution to be announced on the 4th of April. On the 12th of April Admiral Leeke adventured on the apparently forlorn hope of attacking Mr. Bernal Osborne's seat—three days later the Treasury granted the concession which the Post Office had condemned—and Admiral Leeke is now M.P. for Dover. It is true that the Secretary for the Treasury attached some conditions to his boon. Mr. Churchward was to bind himself to make no contracts with France without the approval of the Treasury, and the 2500*l.* was to abate whenever the little bills for extra work might fall short of that amount. Any difficulty which these terms might have put in Admiral Leeke's way was disposed of by a happy accident. The clerk who had to draw out the agreement forgot to insert the additional conditions, and Mr. Churchward's request was acceded to with an unqualified generosity which exactly paralleled the self-denying nature of the application itself. The Committee will have some difficulty in deciding whether to award the palm to the Galway or the Dover transaction, but it may be hoped that cases so remarkably clear will not require a very long investigation, and that they may be disposed of in time to allow of a full inquiry into the most advantageous system of conducting our postal and telegraphic business in future years.

The conversation in the House of Lords on the presentation of the City of London petition on the subject, encourages the hope that the vital importance of telegraphic communication is beginning to be appreciated. The establishment of a rapid and regular delivery of letters to foreign parts is always treated as a matter of the highest public concern. Very large sums are annually spent for this purpose, and we think not altogether unwisely, though it must be admitted that the object is only to be regarded as a national one from the large extent of the private interests which it furthers. The direct advantage to the Government from the acceleration of distant mails by a few days in a month's voyage is not great—certainly not sufficient in itself to justify the sacrifice of half a million a year. But a telegraphic line between England and any of her dependencies would be worth more than its whole cost for military and political purposes alone. During the short vitality of the Atlantic cable, the Government saved many thousands of pounds by transmitting a message countermanding orders which had been given for the despatch of a regiment from Canada to India, and similar advantages would be of daily occurrence if it were possible to communicate with distant colonies in minutes or hours instead of weeks or months. The economy thus gained would be the smallest part of the benefit. The strength of a fortress is measured by the time for which it can support an attack; and by halving the necessary interval between a sudden assault and the arrival of succour, a telegraphic line under our own control from London to Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu would double the strength of those important positions. No one can say how many lives might have been spared had the Indian telegraph been in existence at the outbreak of the mutiny. Six weeks saved in the arrival of reinforcements might have given a very different complexion to the first terrible year of the revolt. In the event of war, a network of wires stretching to every point of the British dominions would enable us to track an enemy's fleet almost from day to day, and certainly would prevent the possibility of an admiral being led, as Nelson was, twice across the Atlantic in search of an enemy whose very object was to entice our forces to a distance from the Channel. Military purposes alone are sufficient to justify a considerable outlay on the great connecting cables which will suffice to complete our system of communication, even if the commercial value of such enter-

prises were less conspicuous than it is. The same considerations are almost decisive as to the mode in which the operations should be performed. In the present state of telegraphic science there is, or is thought to be, so much risk in the submergence of a long submarine cable, that no subsidy dependent on success is likely to command the requisite capital. The only chance for the Government is therefore between giving an unconditional guarantee and doing the work itself. For many reasons the latter seems to be generally the preferable course. The route selected ought to be governed by military considerations; and it is obvious that the best and most economical commercial line might frequently be useless in time of war, from its dependence on the maintenance of peace with one or another of our Continental neighbours. Moreover, there are some special difficulties at present in the way of telegraphic enterprises. The laying of cables is a business which is monopolized by two or three firms, and the consequent predominance of the contractor's influence is not always favourable to the most efficient manufacture or the most secure submergence of a cable. In this business it is not unlikely that Government engineers would make better use of the appliances of science than has hitherto been done by those who have engaged in the attempts, successful or otherwise, to lay long lines of submarine cable. Some advantages might, no doubt, be pointed out on the other side; but, whether the Government itself undertakes the task, as in the Gibraltar case, or commits it to a company, as it has done in the instance of the Red Sea cable, the essential thing is, that without unreasonable delay our most remote colonies and stations should be placed in instantaneous connexion with the centre of the Empire. A single undertaking like that of the Atlantic Company must always be liable to a certain amount of risk; but one Ocean line would insure another, and by taking up the enterprise on an adequate scale the Government might be almost secure of a large profit on its venture, over and above the incalculable advantages to the public service. Even the certainty of considerable loss could not outweigh the national benefit; but when it is considered that almost any price would be freely paid for messages to America, Australia, and other places of trading importance, it is not too sanguine a view to suppose that, with only a moderate amount of good fortune in the operations undertaken, it may be practicable not only to carry out the grand plan of a universal telegraph without adding to the burdens of the country, but to derive from the undertaking an accession of revenue scarcely less important than the profits of the Post Office.

LITERARY LEISURE.

WHILE the most successful member of his family is sending the souls of men to Hades, working unnumbered woes to Europe, and subjecting England to ten millions of unnecessary taxation, Prince Lucien Buonaparte is, we hear, staying in the North of England, for the purpose of translating the Song of Solomon into the dialect of Durham, and intends, when he has accomplished that feat, to move into the North Riding and translate the same composition into the dialect of Yorkshire. There are some facts which seem to breathe a strange air of quiet repose when we hear them, they take us so completely out of the busy world, which seeks without intermission to get profit or do something useful. They remind us that there are persons in the world who can afford to do things in which the world has no concern. To think of Prince Lucien engaged in this occupation is like entering the ivy-grown ruins of an abbey or monastery. We get at once into a region of such preternatural calm and patient content. There is also a gentle emotion of wonder added by the reflection that the person enjoying this perfection of literary leisure is a prince, and not only a prince, but a prince of the race of the turbulent Corsican. It is a grand caprice, and worthy of a man of an imperial line. It is strange when a foreigner attempts to translate any work at all into English; it is doubly strange that he should select the Song of Solomon as the test of his skill; but superlatives fail us when we come to the strangeness of his wishing to translate the Song of Solomon first into the Durham and then into the Yorkshire dialect. Let us for a moment picture to ourselves the late Duke of Sussex translating Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, first into Moldavian and then into Wallachian. There is something high-bred and serene in the unexampled grandeur of uselessness attaching to the Prince's project. Still, it is always something to do anything whatever in the most perfect and extreme way in which it can be done. Prince Lucien Buonaparte appears to us to be carrying the delights of literary leisure to their highest point. It is not easy to be engaged in a literary work, and yet abstain entirely from the vulgarity of making some contribution to literature. And yet any notion of work spoils the notion of leisure. In the days of the Irish famine there was a gentleman who offered a starving Irishman eighteenpence a day to make a hole six feet every way, fill it up again, and then remake it. The Irishman gave up at the end of the second day. He could not, although he was hungry, go on for ever at work that was no work—at an occupation that, so far as results went, was perfect leisure. But a prince has a soul equal to the task. Prince Lucien will do the thing perfectly. He will fill up his hole in Durham and dig it again in Yorkshire without the slightest reluctance.

If we consider this translation of the Song of Solomon as the acme of literary pastime, we find it perfect in three great points.

In the first place, there is no hurry about finishing it. No publisher, no public, will be urgent to see the task complete. There is no reason except the shortness of human life why a year should not be devoted to the translation of each verse. Nor will the value of the production be diminished if the translation is half-finished. Half of the Song of Solomon in the Durham dialect is surely as good as the whole. This is an excellence which would attach to hardly any other undertaking which the Prince could have set himself. If he had attempted any more ordinary work, although he might have been free from the entreaties of booksellers and the impatience of readers, he would still have been tormented by the wish not to leave undone what he had begun. But the beauty of translating the Song of Solomon into the Durham dialect is, that it makes no difference whether the whole of it is done, or half, or none. Supposing one day the Prince translates a verse, nothing is gained; suppose the next day he takes a holiday, nothing is lost. In the first great requisite of a task of literary leisure—the absence of any motive or cause of hurry—the translation proposed by the Prince is unexceptionable.

In the next place, there is a subdued and mild irony about the work which has its pleasant side. Of course there is nothing wrong in translating any portion of the Bible into any dialect of human speech, and yet we cannot forget that the Song of Solomon has been the theme of a great controversy among commentators. Some have thought that the woman to whom it is addressed is simply a Jewish maid—others think she is allegorical of the Church. We do not know to which side of the dispute Prince Lucien leans; but let us suppose, as is probable, that he sees great difficulties in adhering unreservedly to either. Is there not something comic in a person who doubts whether the damsel of the song is or is not allegorical, appealing to her in a phrase which Mr. Browdie's authority assures us is pure Yorkshire? "Cum whoam, telle', cum whoam." There is a sort of slight put on the commentators in their researches, their Dryasdust interpretations, and their mysterious symbolism, by using this language; and yet, as it is good Yorkshire, and is a recognised form of human speech, no one can quarrel with the Prince for using it. It must give a lazy man fine feelings of passing satisfaction to think of the game he is thus playing so innocently. He gets lifted into an easy sense of superiority. That the commentators are only shadowy people, far off, and really unconnected with him, is quite in keeping with the true source of his enjoyment. To gratify a faint malice for absent people, to poke a sort of ghost of fun at the outside world, is about as strong an excitement as is compatible with the languid inactivity of the real literary lotus-eater.

Lastly, there is an isolation about translating the Song of Solomon into the dialects of Northern England, which must suit the wayward fancies of a literary recluse. To all very useless labour something of solitude must necessarily attach. There is not much interference on the part of the world in an occupation by which the world cannot possibly benefit. But this translation of the Song of Solomon takes us a little further than this. We have tried to recollect the nearest approach to Prince Lucien's production in point of utter uselessness that we have ever seen, and we can find none nearer than a translation made by a clergyman of the whole of *Samson Agonistes* into bad Greek iambs. The author had gone steadily through the whole poem, doing the dialogue into such iambs, and the choruses into such anapests, as are done by a conscientious but stupid boy of sixteen. This was useless; but its uselessness fell far short of that of Prince Lucien's translation. For the clergyman might have been a tutor, and have done the translation in order to practise himself; and boys set to translate the *Agonistes* might put the clergyman's version to a use—bad, but still a use—and crib from it; or a better scholar might derive from reading it the pleasure of thinking how much better he could have done it. But there are no such purposes to which the Yorkshire Song of Solomon can be turned. No one can wish to steal from it, no one can wish to surpass it. The translator is absolutely cut off from all sympathy and rivalry while translating it. This work cannot be of the smallest or most indirect use to any one. He is isolated; he is placed apart from the hopes and fears, the good and the bad wishes, of mankind. What other literary occupation can fancy paint in which this solitary uselessness would be so complete and so inevitable?

There is a reproach cast on authors of all kinds—and on those generally who devote their hours to literature—that they are grubs, bookworms, miserable, incapable pedants. The authors of the present day seem inclined to avoid this reproach by proclaiming themselves athletes, bravos, and sporting men. It is only by an accident and under protest that they drop the sword or the fowling-piece to take the pen and use the ink. We cannot recognise the absolute truth of either representation of literary life. Perhaps the latter is nearer reality than the former. According to these fancies, persons engaged in literature seem to us to enjoy and amuse themselves much like other people. But we do not believe that the special notion of an author has ever really sprung from the conduct of authors by profession, or, if it ever sprang from this source, it would long ago have died away, if it had not been recruited from a very different region. It is the man of literary leisure who gives a tangible form to the popular impression of an author. It is the man who is deeply immersed in books, and who can afford to be

occupied about them in a way that can do no possible good to any human being, that realizes our highest conception of literary pedantry. No poor man, no merely literary man, would think of translating the Song of Solomon into the Durham dialect. But this is within the scope of the magnificent inutility of a prince. Thus not only does Prince Lucien enjoy in the highest degree a literary leisure which is free from hurry, has the zest of irony, and inspires a sense of solitude, but, in the language of his imperial relation, he embodies and represents a great idea—that of utterly fruitless and purposeless authorship.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

"THE Protestant Alliance held its Eighth Annual Meeting, at the Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday, the Earl of Shaftesbury presided," and "very few persons attended the proceedings." We have not the slightest notion how the Protestant Alliance varies from the Evangelical Alliance, or from the Protestant Association—or how either or all are to be distinguished from the Protestant Defence Association—or whether the Protestant Institute is or is not the same thing. Organizations under all these names exist. The South-West London Protestant Institute, for example, sent a deputation to Downing-street, which was not introduced by the great fogleman of religion, on the day preceding that on which Lord Shaftesbury took counsel with his little flock in Great Queen-street. His lordship's presence and absence are alike noticeable. To be sure, he might have been reserving his energies for Tuesday's labour; but a minute observer of his mind will observe a nice adjustment of his spiritual to his political necessities, and a delicate discrimination between the claims of party and of polemics. Lord Shaftesbury, we have seen, was on Tuesday engaged with the Protestant Alliance, very thinly attended; but on Monday he did not accompany Mr. Kinnaird, Admiral Harcourt, and Messrs. Tag and Rag, to Downing-street. The reason why is easy to find. The one was an occasion on which the familiar fact of "the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair" might be scored up to the long array of similar services to the faith; while a visit to the Premier by his lordship, with a view to elicit or to influence Parliamentary and political consequences, might be embarrassing to either party. This, indeed, is the key to Lord Shaftesbury's conduct. He affects to have two spheres of influence—the secular and spiritual. It costs nothing and gains much in the religious world to take the chair of the Protestant Alliance. It gains nothing and hazards a good deal to be one of those who seek to hamper a Prime Minister with pledges and promises on matters of large political and party interest. Hence, where Lord Shaftesbury is, one may be pretty certain that the religious object will not damage his political party; where he is not, a safe conjecture may be formed that a conflict between the religious and political claims is likely. And it is not the first time that the Whig lord has been found to have more imperative claims to duty than the Defender of the Faith.

Lord Shaftesbury must look for an unpleasant reckoning with his Protestant friends. The Protestant Alliance, so its Report states, is organized "to invite all Christians to resist the influence of Popery;" and its "indignation has been excited by the proceedings in the case of the child Mortara." We quote the words of the newspaper report. And yet it may be that to Lord Shaftesbury we owe the most serious damage to Protestantism which it has received during the present century. It will be recollected that before the Italian campaign he ordered the faithful to pray for success on the Gallo-Sardinian arms. That prayer has been, we suppose, answered—at least Magenta and Solferino may be claimed as the reply of Providence to Lord Shaftesbury and his friends. And the result is that, for the first time in history, the Pope is declared the Protector of Italy. Not only has Protestantism not gained by Lord Shaftesbury's summons to prayer, but Popery is enthroned rampant and triumphant as the result of his lordship's mediation with the Most High. Either, then, his lordship's prayers have been particularly inconvenient and offensive, or, if Providence is on the Protestant side, Providence has a mode of furthering Protestant interests which it will cost the Protestant Alliance something to explain. Lord Shaftesbury, in his speech at the Freemasons' Hall, observed "that the common enemy, by their combinations for mischief, had within a recent period done more evil than had been inflicted on Protestantism since the Thirty Years' War." This is a sufficiently accurate account of the results of the Italian campaign and of the success of the Allies against Austria, and yet it was for this success that Lord Shaftesbury ordered us all to pray. There is a difficulty about these Protestant prayers for the Sardinian triumph. It is not for us to say whether they have been accepted or rejected. Prayer is a great mystery—so great a mystery, that perhaps really religious people will regret that great political partisans are so much addicted, not to prayers, but to regulating their prayers by their political sympathies. There are many who, viewing the fact of Lord Shaftesbury's summons to prayer on behalf of the Allies and the consequences of the Sardinian and French successes, will be disposed to think harshly, and, perhaps, to talk profanely, about prayer and intercession itself. At any rate, all of us will conclude that political prayer is a very scandalous and dangerous thing. And the conclusion is, not that political personages should not be men of prayer, but that it is a very difficult thing indeed to be at one and the

same time a political partisan and a prayer leader. In other words, Lord Shaftesbury will be found to be a perplexity and a scandal to religious people, especially to those of his own religion. His alleged complicity with the Sabbath day's plot against the late Government is another case in point.

The Protestant Alliance—so we find by the full report of its proceedings in the peculiar organ of its friends—has been, with something of Pharisaic sedulousness, compassing sea and land with its labours. It has interfered in some lamentable case in which two French girls have been snapped up by the Romish wolf; but its interference, as the Report plaintively observes, has been ineffectual. It has addressed a communication to the National Dutch Church, which has been ordered to lie on the table. Frequent correspondences with Italian and Swedish officers and bodies are duly announced. It keeps its eyes open to the prospective Irish Papist who is to be installed in the Dublin Chancery; and it protests very warmly against the appointment of Romish chaplains in English workhouses. Above all, it deplores a fatal blow which the national religion received—and, on all days of the year, on the 5th of November—when her Majesty signed a warrant giving army rank to Papistical army chaplains. Towards Maynooth it has sustained its natural hostility. These are the year's labours of the Alliance, and all this has been done at the very moderate figure of 960*l*. The Alliance asks for more money, and promises more work for the future. The sum and substance of the labours of the Protestant Alliance is to interfere with other people's religion. It wants to regulate the Pope, to meddle with the domestic concerns of France, to dictate to Holland, and to give advice to the religious communities of the North. It might be considered impertinent to the Alliance to suggest that the best mode of furthering Protestant interests—and the same might be said of many other religious associations established to do good to other people—is to look at home. We are weak enough to think that the best way to resist Romish or any other aggressions is to make our own religion aggressive by peace and charity, and to attend more to our own duties and less to those of other folks. But this hardly suits committees, and secretaries, and associations. Still, if the Protestant Alliance wants to take care of the religion of other people, what if it tried its hand on Lord Shaftesbury himself? His lordship's religion—especially as regards his prayers—has been found of late not to answer. No person of the way of thinking of the members of the Protestant Alliance can have much doubt of the efficacy of Lord Shaftesbury's intercessions. He ordered Christians in general to pray for the discomfiture of Austria, and Austria has been discomfited—that is, the prayer of the righteous man has been effectual. Europe has no reason, however, to be thankful for the political arrangement consequent upon the French triumph. Lord Shaftesbury's prayers have been found to be very inconvenient. His interference with Lord Palmerston's Church appointments when last in power, if it did not cost his lordship the Premiership, was a main cause of his downfall. His prayers on behalf of France have helped us to an extra 4*l*. in the pound income-tax, a universal arming, and a war budget in time of peace. As Lord Shaftesbury has prayed the Pope into the Protectorate of Italy, he may be carried so far in the fervour of his Gallicizing devotion as to pray the French Emperor into London. On the whole, the Protestant Alliance might usefully spare some of its zeal for the good work of regulating its own chairman's very ill-judged devotions. No good seems to come of pious noblemen falling to prayer for political ends. The *Record*, who is determined to see *digitus Dei* or *digitus diaboli* in all secular events, assures us this week that the pacification of Villa-franca is all owing to Jesuit interference. If so, the false prophets have been stronger than the true. And this is by no means a comfortable view of Divine interposition in the affairs of kingdoms and princes. Anyhow, we should be disposed to say that if persons of Lord Shaftesbury's cast of devotion are compelled to abandon that neutrality which is the policy of the country, and to make mere political chances the subject of personal intercession with Almighty God, they will do well, for the future, to keep their devotions to their own closet. Lord Shaftesbury's public call to prayer was considered indecent and arrogant by most religious people; and the issue of those events in the progress of which he interfered with his prayers will tempt those who are not religious people to scoff, or even blaspheme, at that religion which he has a most unfortunate knack of making ridiculous to all, and odious to many.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CARTOONS.

WHEN the art of photography first began to attract attention, rather extravagant expectations were formed by some of its votaries as to the triumphs which it was one day to achieve. It would, it was said, drive painting, at least the painting of portraits and landscapes, out of the field. It must be now generally admitted that such a notion as this was very greatly exaggerated. A fine art can never be expelled by a mechanical art, and, in spite of all that has been said in its favour, photography is essentially of the latter kind. In the fine arts, taste and imagination are the prime requisites—in the mechanical, judgment and technical skill. And though in photography there is some room for the display of taste in the selection of subjects and points of view, there can be no doubt that skilful manipulation and close observation of

physical phenomena have much more to do with success. It is the privilege of the fine arts to defy, in a certain sense and to a certain degree, the attacks of time. As a beautiful painting fades, as a stately building crumbles into ruin, as a graceful statue becomes discoloured or mutilated, each seems to acquire, from the decay which it has suffered, a new and nameless charm. The spirit of the fashioner seems to reveal itself with new force and purity, in proportion as the material of the thing fashioned perishes. In photographs there is nothing of this kind. They must be fresh, and sharp, and clean; and the age which robs them of these qualities can give nothing in their place. Not only, however, did some of the vaunters of the art of photography forget the imperishable distinction between the fine and the mechanical arts, but they were, and indeed still are, fond of attributing to their pet pursuit a quality which belongs to it only with important limitations. Photography, it has been repeatedly said, must be true. The fact is, that it would be nearer the mark to say that it must be false. It is false in two ways. Objects at different distances are unequally represented, and lights and shadows are exaggerated. The former of these imperfections may, indeed, be reduced to a very inconsiderable quantity, but it nevertheless always exists; and, wherever minutiae are of importance, it will operate disadvantageously. The distaste, therefore, which most persons feel for photographic portraits, and which has become an almost proverbial illustration of human vanity, is, in fact, a well-founded distaste for a real misrepresentation.

But, though the capabilities of photography, as generally happens with a new invention, have been sometimes rated too highly, it is impossible to deny that it is a very valuable and important discovery. It is true that the higher kinds of painting have nothing to dread from such rivalry, as has been imagined, but it is no less true that photography is sometimes a useful substitute, and frequently a useful ally. A daguerrotype may not be equal to a good miniature, but it is much better and much cheaper than a bad miniature. In landscape, too, there are some respects in which the artist cannot hope to rival the photograph, as, for instance, in the representation of the forms of mountains and complicated masses of rock, photographic transcripts of which are not only beautiful in themselves, but very valuable aids for artistic study. Of all the applications of the art of photography, however, the most unimpeachable is its employment to secure fac-similes of perishing inscriptions, engravings, and paintings. Here the surface is flat, and there is consequently no difficulty as regards the focus; and we can rely upon an absolute fidelity to which the labour of man, however conscientious and however well-meant, can never hope to attain. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the most successful and striking instance of this application of the art which has yet been seen is the series of copies of the cartoons which has been recently executed by Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, and published by Messrs. Colnaghi. Three sets of different sizes have been issued, of which, if we are not mistaken, the largest was displayed at the Photographic Exhibition in Suffolk-street, last winter. Besides these three sets there is a series of heads of the size of the originals, in which Raffaele's manner of working can be conveniently studied. Of the three editions of the entire cartoons, the largest set gives the best notion of the originals, as in the more reduced impressions something of the breadth and grandeur of effect seems to be lost. On the other hand, the latter are rather more portable and convenient, and are, of course, just as correct. Which ever set is selected, the lover of art cannot fail to feel the highest gratification at being thus enabled to investigate at leisure these acknowledged masterpieces. It has often been said that a painter cannot be fairly estimated by his oil-paintings alone, and that, to estimate properly the grandeur of design of which he is capable, his frescoes and works in distemper, if he has executed any, must be taken into consideration. Certainly, if it were not for the cartoons and the decorations of the Vatican, we should form a very inadequate notion of the genius of Raffaele. Never till now, however, have the wonderful variety, power, and beauty of the former been fully revealed. Often as a person may have looked at the originals, we venture to assert that he gains a new sense of their excellence in contemplating these photographs. This is not only because they can be examined more closely and carefully than the originals, but because they seem, in fact, to have acquired a force and freshness which the latter want. The truth appears to be that the very tendency to exaggerate light and shade which is the main defect of the process when applied to copying nature, is for such purposes as the present the very thing that is wanted. All that is requisite for the felicitous reproduction of faded and injured works of art, like the cartoons, is a sure and proportionate intensification of light and dark; and this is precisely what is produced in photography. The cartoons seem accordingly to have been submitted to a Medean bath, and the figures come out young and fresh—the expressions of the countenances especially having acquired a character which, if it can be traced, as it doubtless can, in the originals, does not at any rate declare itself so plainly. Something is perhaps due to the fact that they are here upon a reduced scale, as the same relations of light and dark would naturally appear less inadequate when upon a small scale than when upon a large one. There does seem, however, to be, apart from this, a real restoration, which can only be attributed to the exaggerative tendency of the process.

The cartoons have been so often discussed and described, that it would be superfluous to dilate here upon their merits. It may safely be assumed that no change of taste can now lessen the esteem in which all competent judges hold them. It is, however, curious to find that, at no very remote time, they were criticised in a spirit which is now obsolete. There is published in the collected edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Works* a paper which he contributed to the *Idler* upon false criticism. He gives an account of a visit which he and a professed connoisseur paid to the cartoons, and describes the sort of comment which the latter passed upon them. "What a pity," he exclaimed, "that Raffaele lived before the art of contrast was discovered! What an addition to the nobleness of St. Paul's figure could he have given had the art of contrast, and, above all, the flowing line which constitutes grace and beauty, been known in his time! You would not then have seen an upright figure standing equally on both legs, and both hands stretched forward in the same direction, and his drapery to all appearance without the least art of disposition." Of "The Charge to St. Peter," he remarked "Here are twelve upright figures. Now, if Raffaele had been acquainted with the pyramidal figure, he would have contrived the figures in the middle to have been on higher ground, or the figures at the extremities stooping or lying, which would not only have combined the group into a pyramid, but would have given contrast." This anecdote had probably no foundation in fact, but it serves to show that this kind of criticism was in vogue, and the cautions upon this head which Sir J. Reynolds gives in his lectures prove the same thing. The cartoons are happily no longer necessary to aid in freeing popular taste from such æsthetical red tape as this; but the impressions which Messrs. Colnaghi have published are not the less valuable. They will be exceedingly useful to artists, and exceedingly interesting to every person of cultivated taste. Most children first acquire a notion of, and a taste for, art from illustrations of Bible history, and those illustrations will henceforward be, in many cases, the masterpieces of the greatest of devotional painters.

REVIEWS.

"LYRICS OF LIFE" AND "THE WANDERER."

IT has become a commonplace of modern observation, that historical forms of epidemic disease do not so much wear out as change to some newer type. The old symptoms of physical disorganization or disturbance undergo modification in accordance with the perpetually changing conditions of climate, food, and habits under which material civilization advances. The epidemic of verse-writing is governed by analogous laws. The careless grace of spinning "a thousand such a day" gives place, under certain social circumstances, to the most severely polished sententiousness of epigrammatic art. The fervid dramatic imaginations of the "Satanic" school alternate with that calm moralizing concentration upon the simplest external beauty which, in the eyes of its earlier critics and parodists, formed the sole distinction of the "Lake" poetry. A second phase of pseudo-Satanic brilliancy, modified by the nebulous influence which Faust and Faust's followers have exercised over the philosophy of modern poetic literature, has blessed us with the "apasmodic" school of mysteries, legends, and life-dramas; while the complementary type of reflective versification represents itself in neat and placid stanzas of unimpeachable morality not alloyed by too dangerous a fervour of emotion. It is ever and ever the old thing over again under a new name and in a new costume. Whether the special form which the disease takes in each particular instance be acute, sub-acute, or chronic, is a matter dependent on personal idiosyncracies; but as long as human feelings and memories are capable of being translated more or less feebly into metrical language, a natural yearning for sympathy will reproduce their records in one shape or another upon the shelves of poetical publishers. If the Registrar-general were in the habit of including among his tables the statistics of the yearly publication of volumes of verse, it is probable that a very regular average would be found to obtain. Mr. Buckle might perhaps be able to draw from such returns an additional argument for his theory of the empirical necessities, by showing that if A does not write so many pages of average verse in the year '59, B or C will infallibly write them in his stead in the year '60.

Mr. Farrer and Mr. Meredith have severally undertaken, in the volumes before us, to unburden themselves to the public of their spiritual histories. The title of Mr. Farrer's effusions, *Lyrics of Life*, is equivalent to an agreement to unveil the most remarkable beauties of his heart's experience; and Mr. Farrer is obviously too conscientious a man not to have kept faith. The subdivision of the contents of his lyrical *répertoire* into "Poems of Childhood," "Poems of Love," "Poems of Death," and "The End of the History," points very fairly and clearly to the familiar harmonies which his readers may expect to hear sounding on the primal chords. There really is a great deal to be said about the enjoyments of innocent childhood, the pains of

unprosperous affection, the pleasures of the union of congenial spirits, and the mysterious nature of the great mystery; and when these topics are handled with an earnest tone of reverential reticence which enters into no particulars, it is surprising how easily both writer and reader can get through a decently sized volume. Mr. Farrer's sentiments are always unexceptionable; and his verses are very frequently so unexceptionable, too, as to remind us of nothing so much as that perfection of manufactured coffee which the ingenious inventor of some machine for that purpose immortalized by an epigrammatic advertisement, as—

Made without trouble, drunk without regret.

Here, for instance, is a short poem entitled "Life," made without the slightest trouble by a competent and cultivated artist, and to be imbibed without the least regret by cultivated ears. There is not, to the taste, the least perceptible admixture of any spurious poetic or moral element corresponding to chicory, or the baser adulterations of the Arabian bean; nor is the beverage burnt in the making:—

Lo! where Life's crown'd goblet stands
In infant years before us placed;—
A lustrous chalice richly chased
With work divine of heavenly hands.
With golden flowers the stem is graced,
And tinted with honey gleams the rim:
Too soon, too soon the gold is dim,
The honey—absinth to the taste!

The aroma recalls to us irresistibly Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and we do not know what more could be said. To the cynical hypercriticism which might object that if *In Memoriam* had not been written, "Life" would not have been written either—at least in its present shape—it is a sufficient answer to say that in that case Mr. Farrer would have undoubtedly thrown the same thought into some equally irreproachable form. There is always a newest dance of the day in fashion; but it would be unreasonable to expect the best of dancers to perform a measure which had not yet been invented.

But although the honey is wormwood, and the gold pinchbeck, the dolls sawdust, and the world generally hollow, at a very early period of life, and although at a later date—

Love hath died, and cold and pale
Is all around, above, below—

Mr. Farrer is quite aware that an earnest and responsible human being has no right to give himself up to the idleness of pure lyrical despondency. The rough prose of common life says, "it's all in the day's work," and has done with it. "Deem not," says the poet to his readers—

Yet deem not that I mean to sink
With wearied heart and heavy eyes,
As, drooping by a fountain's brink,
A trodden violet lies.
Ah, no! I wait and work the more;—
Soon o'er the cold remorseless sea
Shall gleam from yonder hidden shore,
The beacons of eternity!

But the world is not quite hollow, after all. It is yet possible, when

Thou art sleeping, I am waking,

to indulge in a calm and pleasant midnight reverie, quite incompatible with that universal coldness and paleness of the earthly horizon which roused the solemn determination of the previous poem:—

See, the harvest moon is shining,
Waves of silver round her swell;
Sweet is sleep:—yet, thus reclining,
Sweeter 'tis my thoughts to tell:—
Like the souls that pure and holy
Live and love, and prosper well,
Leaning eye on myrrh and moly,
Mellilote and asphodel!

What may be the peculiar merits of myrrh and moly, as cushions fit for souls to lean upon, is probably better known to the poets than to ourselves. We should have thought them too epicurean luxuries to conform with the general seriousness of Mr. Farrer's philosophy. But it is satisfactory to find that the *Lyrics of Life* end with a firelight picture of a *tête-à-tête* at Christmas, in a country vicarage, or some such happy retreat, which the lyrist and his Lilian judiciously prefer under the circumstances to a large Christmas party, or to the "flowers and lights and scenes of laughter" which brighten up the county ball. Mr. Farrer's title-page proclaims him still a college fellow. We should be glad to learn before next Christmas that the imagination had become a reality, and that the late college fellow was to be thought of as

Thinking ever, gazing on her,
In the fire light-reddened gloom,
While a loving, prayerful silence
Brooded o'er the little room,
And it seemed as though the angels
Lingered there, with her and me,
Shining on us, holy silent—
Silent, as we love to be.

It is currently reported that married ladies are apt to give up their music from inability to find time for practising. When the absinth of life has become honey again, and a prayerful silence pervades the angel-haunted parlour at the vicarage, it may be reasonably expected that the Sermons of Life, and its other

* *Lyrics of Life*. By Frederic W. Farrer. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

The Wanderer. By Owen Meredith. London: Chapman and Hall.

duties, will relieve Mr. Farrer from that necessity of spinning rather unsubstantial sentiment into the indefinite prettiness of diffuse verse under which he at present appears to labour. The scholarlike cultivation traceable through the various poems, and the real earnestness which probably underlies the belief that the *Lyrics of Life* convey to their readers any feeling of earnestness whatever, will sooner or later assist their owner in some more useful and less factitious occupation than that of stringing together decorated commonplaces in the lyrical didactic style. Yet, as we said above, the booksellers' shelves will not suffer by any consequent vacuity. Some younger hand will strike the same harp with much the same force and expression, and pretty much to the identical tune.

Mr. Meredith's overture opens in the same key:—

A human spirit here records
The annals of its human strife.
A human hand hath touched these chords.
These songs may all be idle words;
And yet—they once were life.

But Mr. Meredith's chords are very different in depth and in resonance, as well as in spirit, from Mr. Farrer's. Mr. Farrer delicately hints at the painful struggles of a distracted being, but glides in silence over their details and even their nature. Mr. Meredith goes about rather ostentatiously to show that he has taken all manner of moral bulls by the horns. He writes as a "Wanderer"—as one who had sipped the honey and tasted the absinth of several climes and several moods. If there were any necessity for guessing at the personality which is understood to be enveloped in the pseudonym of Meredith, it would be easy to say that the *Wanderer* takes a cynical, *blasé*, well-bred, cosmopolitan, diplomatic sort of view of life, such as might be expected from a clever young *attaché*. There is a touch of the genuine old Satanic flavour about some of the poems. Others are tinged with the earlier Promethean writhings and realistic idealisms of Bulwer. Many show great study and very thorough appreciation of Tennyson and of Browning. But in none is there any purely imitative trick, or any lack of originality. Mr. Meredith may have learnt and used the manner and the modes of thought of many masters; but he has both thought and felt for himself, although he may be suspected of sometimes exaggerating his feelings. The lyrical tendrils of Mr. Farrer's life professedly twine round a single rather colourless "Lily blossom;" but the *Wanderer* has been a wanderer. A "Fatal Fair Irene" of the South stands by the side of a "Cordelia" of the North. The Marquise de Carabas of Paris is balanced by the daughter of a Dutch fisherman. Successive female portraits are sketched with a kind of facility which recalls the numerous imaginary Claribels and Lilians and Isabels of the Laureate's youth. But we are bound to say that there is a genuine grace and tenderness, and not unfrequently a genuine strength, in the drawing. One of the most poetically imagined scenes of this kind is perhaps the one called "Aux Italiens." The hero is listening to Verdi's *Trovatore* at the Parisian Opera, in the company of the handsome and wealthy Marchioness to whom he is betrothed:—

My gaze was fix'd on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by—

when the notes of the favourite air, *Non ti scordar di me*, bring back to him the memory of his first and dead love—

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!
For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought . . . were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!

As his eyes rove round the theatre, he sees her, dead though she has been, sitting "in a dim box over the stage." To leave his betrothed to enjoy the music by herself, and to visit the dim stage-box, is a moment's act or imagination:—

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from her grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.
She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.
The Marchioness, there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her—well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.
But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best:
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.
The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win;
For one isn't loved every day.
And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.
But, O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

We think our readers will recognise the truth of our assertion that Mr. Meredith is not a servile copyist, but a true scholar, of Robert Browning.

But Mr. Meredith's cynical power is not always confined to the mere bitterness of personal regret. There are both strong and good lines, and a certain delicate misanthropic fancy, in a poem entitled "Progress," in which this newest of Timons questions the genuineness of the advance made by humanity, socially or individually. The following little poem is worked into the neatest epigrammatic model of well-mannered, used-up morbidity. It is called "Death in Life:—"

Blest is the babe that dies within the womb,
Blest is the corpse which lies within the tomb,
And blest that death for which this life makes room.
But dreary is the tomb where the corpse lies,
And wretched is the womb where the child dies,
And curst that death which steals this life's disguise.

Cynical heroes, unless they are of such stern stuff as the typical Firmilian, generally feel it right to make some amends to the disposition of things in general before the end of the volume. Even the mild plaintiveness of Mr. Farrer fades away into a softer and more contentedly prayerful tone when once the *tête-à-tête* of domestic felicity is foreshadowed on the horizon. Mr. Meredith's more varied and fiery ordeals lead to a state of regeneration or "Palingenesis" of one kind or other. But there is nothing, it would seem, so difficult in poetic art as to paint a Palingenesis adequately. Be it a new birth from the chaos of scepticism or heterodoxy, from deadness of moral principle, or from dyspeptic dreariness in general, it is a subject which asks a greater strength and completeness of treatment than is needed to produce a proportionately effective result in the picture of the previous struggle. A lost Paradise is more easily made a popular and interesting topic than a regained one. The moods of cynicism or doubt are more familiar to the writer and to his readers, more readily subjected to analysis, more intelligible when analyzed, and more provocative of sympathy than those of satisfied and trusting repose after the storm. All men's questions may be much the same, but one man's answer is not every man's answer; and the invitation to a communion of rejoicing is apt to be more vague, less logical, and less passionate than the appeal to a fellow-feeling of disquiet and discontent. We cannot conscientiously affirm that either Mr. Farrer's or Mr. Meredith's book of Palingenesis, as hitherto published, is an absolute or complete gospel. But we trust that Mr. Farrer will have more to say in his sermons, and that Mr. Meredith will not discontinue his singing.

SOUTHEY'S BOOK OF THE CHURCH.*

THERE must be some solid ground of popularity in a book which continues to be reprinted after the author's death without any sort of editing or explanation. The present year has brought forth a seventh edition of Southey's *Book of the Church*. We do not know the date of the sixth, but we have before us the fifth, which bears date in 1841. A need for reprinting at such intervals bespeaks a sort of gentle but steady demand for the book which says a great deal more for its real hold upon public esteem than any amount of ephemeral run after the new "publications of the season." It shows that a book is really bought, and not merely sent for from a circulating library. Again, this work is evidently making its way to new classes of readers. Our fifth edition is in a single octavo, and the earlier ones were in two; but the seventh is a much smaller book, with smaller type, approaching to the nature of a popular edition. The continued success of the work is not at all wonderful. Southey's treatment of ecclesiastical history lays itself open in many ways to the criticism, almost to the contempt, of either the professed historian or the professed divine. Dr. Maitland says some very sharp things of the *Book of the Church*, and that with perfect truth. But, after all, it contains a great deal of real information in a very attractive form. People wish to know something about the Church, and people in England more particularly wish to know something about the Church of England. But professed ecclesiastical books are very often dry and technical, very often offensively sectarian, very often stupidly sermonizing. Many are wholly unintelligible beyond the limits of a single religious clique. If we suppose our famous friend, "the general reader," to combine with a certain amount of ignorance and idleness a certain amount of good feeling and desire for knowledge, he will find something to disgust him in nearly all. With such a one Southey's *Book of the Church* is just the thing to take. It bears an author's name of general and not special reputation. That Southey was not really qualified to write an ecclesiastical history the general reader does not know—that he was capable of writing a very interesting book he has often heard, and soon finds out for himself. The work is certainly pleasant, and it has the aspect of being profound. It tells the general reader a great deal that he did not know before, and it tells it in a style almost as attractive as a novel. We can well fancy it forming part of the severer studies of the general reader. He may turn to it from his novel or his book of travels with the same kind of feeling—that of a sort of pleasant exertion, not

* *The Book of the Church*. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. Seventh Edition. London: Murray. 1859.

without a sense of satisfaction at his own virtue—with which the real student turns from Sismondi or Milman to the original authorities from which they write.

The mere title of Southey's work may well attract many classes of readers, though, to those who stop to think, it is in truth not a little ludicrous. The *Book of the Church* was a somewhat boastful title for what is at best a rather superficial history of a particular branch of the Church. But in those days the word "Church" was not likely to convey to any orthodox Englishman any notion but that of his own Church as by law established. The only possible question would be whether the essential being—the *res ipsa ecclesia*—of the Church consisted in title and glebe or in Articles and Liturgy. The Church is something distinguished from "Romanism on the one hand and Dissent on the other;" and certainly no one steers his course along the narrow path between the two with more unwavering accuracy than the author of the *Book of the Church*. How heartily he must have joined in the maledictions both of the 30th of January and of the 5th of November. Lord Macaulay says of Southey that, like the prophet Jonah, he thought he did well to be angry. Very angry indeed Dr. Southey was against Papists and Puritans alike. But after all it is a refined, polite, and scholarlike anger; there is nothing low or repulsive about it; it is the holy zeal of a righteous man in a righteous cause. He calls names, to be sure, but he does it in an elegant and gentlemanly way. There is no feeling so pleasant as the assurance that you are yourself right and everybody else wrong—that your church and nation are the very perfection of churches and nations, and that, by implication, you are yourself the most perfect specimen of both the spiritual and the temporal society. No one more thoroughly enjoyed this feeling than Southey after he had sown his religious and political wild oats; and in him it was intensified by a considerable element of the crusading spirit. Had fate placed him in the twelfth century and made him either a Christian knight or a Saracen emir, no one would have better enjoyed earning his own share of paradise by sending heathen hounds or Nazarene swine to the devil. At the same time he would have shown all the chivalrous respect and courtesy of Richard or Saladin to the foes whom he consigned to so terrible a fate. Doomed to a literary career in the nineteenth century, he became a fiery and bigoted controversialist, but never a coarse and vulgar one.

The *Book of the Church*, in truth, is throughout not a history but a panegyric. Southey did not write, like Dean Milman or Dr. Maitland (in their several very different ways), simply to set forth the truth, but to say how good the Church of England is. Of that Church, in one place (ed. 7, p. 249), he tells us that the foundations were laid by Henry VIII. He does, however, condescend to trace its history back to Augustine. He indeed goes a good deal farther back, for he begins with the Druids, of whom he seems to have known a vast deal more than is revealed to more recent and soberer inquirers into Celtic matters. Southey's treatment of mediæval history is, we need not say, utterly superficial; but he was at any rate no mere vulgar Protestant—he had in him too much of the poet and of the scholar not to see that he was dealing with a great age and with great men. His reading, curious rather than deep, had lain much among the history of the monastic orders, and the fruits of such reading are constantly visible in the book. In fact this branch of study, pursued as it was by Southey very much in a joking spirit, has been far from having a good effect upon his capacity as an ecclesiastical historian. He was better up in the byways of ecclesiastical history than in its genuine substance. But, as we said, he was at least always ready to do justice to a great man. His account, disproportionately minute, of the life of Becket, is conceived in a spirit widely different from that of Exeter Hall; and his eloquent lament over the dissolution of the monasteries would excite horror in any one who has studied his Tudor history under the guidance of Mr. Froude. His mediæval history, however, is merely introductory. Holding that the foundations of the Church of England were laid—upon the rock of Scripture by the way—by King Henry VIII., he is naturally less copious about the times of her non-existence. In those days, too, there were no Puritans; and mediæval Papists are, after all, covered with a certain halo of poetry and romance. It is in later times, when he can without let or scruple overthrow first a Bonner and then a Prynne, that the prophet of the Via Media comes out in his full power. Never was there such a pattern of good Church of England orthodoxy, ready alike to return thanks for the wonderful deliverance of the first James and for the happy expulsion of the second. Crammer, Laud, and Sancroft, are all alike idolized, though of course Sancroft judged wrongly when he became a nonjuror. It is really amusing to compare Southey's narrative with Lord Macaulay's, during the whole period which they have in common. His account of the trial of the seven Bishops reads very flat indeed after that with which we are all now familiar. The Laureate was far more in his own element in his description of the execution of Laud, which Lord Macaulay naturally somewhat slurred over. Not that Lord Macaulay at all denies that both Charles and Laud died well, however ill he may hold them to have lived. The plain truth is, that martyrdom proves very little—we hear of heroic deaths on behalf of every possible religion and political dogma. That a man meets death boldly in behalf of a certain tenet commonly proves that he is a sincere believer in that tenet, but it really proves nothing as to the tenet itself.

This new edition of the *Book of the Church* is a mere reprint.

Of course, in a work of this kind no innovation on Southey's own text is desirable. The book, as Southey's composition, has a certain value, which it would lose if it were to be patched up into even a more accurate narrative by somebody else. We do not wish to condemn Southey to the same fate as John Bunyan, translated into a High Churchman by Mr. Neale. But a few obvious slips might have been corrected. *E.g.*, ii. p. 13, 18, we have *Oiscinga* for *Oiscing*. This blunder is rather amusing. Southey sends us for the word to "Beda, l. ii. c. 5," where we find "a quo Reges Cantuariorum solent *Oiscingas* nominare." *Oiscingas* was manifestly the accusative plural; and recollections of the Latin Grammar suggested that *Oiscinga* must be the nominative singular. Doubtless Southey would have made the genitive *Oiscingarum*. This reminds one of Mr. Henry Taylor, who in the *Eye of the Conquest* makes Harold talk of proving something "before the *Witena*," which to a Teutonic scholar sounds very much as if Cæsar had made an oration before the "*Patrum Conscripitorum*." In p. 122 we still have *Urban* as Pope at the death of Becket, though Southey had some pages earlier known that the reigning Pontiff was Alexander III. We want to know, in p. 127, who called Archbishop Hubert's speech "a seed-plot of treason;" and still more whether Archbishop Hubert made the speech, and whether it be not really the production of Matthew Paris. Not but that it was then very sound constitutional doctrine; and we do not see why it should be called a seed-plot (whatever that is) of treason. In p. 132 we wish to know what was Southey's exact notion of "that powerful chief of the Almoravides, known in Spanish history by the title of the Miramamolín." If Southey was well versed in anything, it surely was in all matters relating to the Spanish peninsula. Yet this reads very much as if Southey took Miramamolín for a personal title. Surely we ought to read Almohades for Almoravides; and surely Miramamolín is nothing in the world but a corruption of "Emir-al-Momenin," the Almohade potentate claiming to be the true Commander of the Faithful. It is hard to tell what Matthew Paris meant by his "Admiralium Murelium regem magnum Aphrice, Marrochie et Hispanie, quem vulgus Miramumelium vocat." If Matthew took "Murelium" for a proper name, it is rather like the Etruscan chief Lucumo, who so constantly appears in Livy; and, like the fact recorded by Don Pedro Mexia, who, unless his English translator belies him, informs us in his "History of the Roman Emperors, beginning with Caius Julius Cæsar and successively ending with Rodolph the Second, now reigning," that when Mahomet was dead, there remained as his successor "a great Arabian captain, called *Calipha*."

On the whole, however, we are by no means inclined to grudge the author of the *Book of the Church* the posthumous popularity which he seems to enjoy. The book seems contemptible when compared with really great histories; but, designed as a "popular" work, let it be matched with the mass of "popular" works, especially with those whose popularity is sought for in the "religious" world. We shall then see that, even when a man is not specially strong in the subject with which he is dealing, it is something to be at least not grossly and ludicrously ignorant of it, to write with good sense and good taste, and above all to be capable of a straightforward and unaffected use of that unfortunate mother tongue of ours which, between newspapers on the one hand and Parliamentary speakers on the other, seems to be fast going altogether to the dogs.

A FRENCH SPORTSMAN.*

M. VIARDOT'S book—which, with successive enlargements, has attained the double glory of a seventh edition and a place in the French Railway Library—is an excellent specimen of a class of works which is not very common in France. French sportsmen are not a very numerous or a very successful race. For reasons which probably lie deep in the national character, they seldom distinguish themselves in their art, for it is one in which even moderate excellence can be attained only by a degree of perseverance and of energy and enterprise which Frenchmen rarely show in their individual capacity. Few illustrations of national temperament are more curious than the contrast between the capacity which Frenchmen display for war and their indifference to those amusements which, in a rude state of society, are supposed to constitute the best apprenticeship for it. When a large body of them are brought together, they are amongst the bravest and most intelligent troops in the world; but a Bonaparte could never have pointed to the playgrounds of the French public schools as the Duke of Wellington pointed to the Eton playing fields as the place where great national victories were won. French travellers, especially French missionaries, have at times done very great things, but they do not, as a rule, seek out adventures as English travellers constantly do. In the gold fields of Australia and California, where the peculiarities of every nation in the world are freely displayed, the French and English uniformly exhibit the same characteristics. The French form large parties and keep in the frequented districts—the English and Americans wander over the most inaccessible parts of the country singly or in pairs.

Here and there, however, exceptions to the ordinary rule present themselves. M. Viardot is a very favourable one. His

* *Souvenirs de Chasse*. Par Louis Viardot. Septième Edition, contenant trois nouveaux chapitres. Paris: Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. London: Jeffs, 1859.

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book is not only exceedingly amusing in itself, but it has those merits of style which are so carefully and so successfully cultivated in France. It is written in excellent taste and good humour, and is almost entirely free from personal, and generally speaking, even from national vanity—though we must own that here and there it presents some traces of that faculty of constructing the widest possible theory out of the scantiest possible materials which reminds one of the old saying that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any meat, inasmuch as they can make a dinner of three courses out of an old pair of top-boots. M. Viardot goes for a day's shooting to the house of a friend, in Herefordshire. From what he sees from the windows of the train on his road to Gloucester, he constructs a theory of English scenery and agriculture; and from about three days' partridge-shooting he constructs a theory somewhat more comprehensive of the whole character of English social and private life. These, however, are trifling blemishes. The great merit of M. Viardot's book is that it contains very graphic and amusing sketches of the author's sporting experience in Spain, Hungary, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, England, and Scotland. Each of these sketches gives a lively account of at least one characteristic aspect of the country to which it relates.

M. Viardot's acquaintance with Spain is of very old standing. It commenced so long ago as 1823, when the Bourbons marched thither to establish legitimacy, and M. Viardot accompanied them to help in managing the commissariat stores, and to shoot quails on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The amusement (except in the article of heat) seems to be very much like partridge-shooting in England, though M. Viardot had the luck to find the game so abundant that it almost spoilt his amusement. Here and there, however, some variety was attainable. Returning with a convoy of military stores from Cadiz to Madrid, M. Viardot used to shoot every morning before starting, and was on one occasion lucky enough to kill a bustard—almost as great a rarity apparently in Andalusia as on Newmarket Heath. Rabbits also abounded, and were a considerable article of commerce in the neighbourhood of Madrid, near which city a particularly well-stocked warren let for about 250*l.* a-year and left a profit to the tenants.

Hungary occupies a more remarkable share in M. Viardot's sporting annals than Spain. Austria he describes as a purgatory for sportsmen, as the game is so plentiful and so well preserved that the sight of it is like the punishment of Tantalus. The Imperial parks abound not only in small game, but in deer and wild boars. In Hungary, however, M. Viardot was so fortunate as to make acquaintance with a nobleman who gave him an opportunity of enjoying a kind of deer-stalking which would seem to be excellent as far as the quality of the game is concerned, though we confess that the sport is rather too much like assassination for our taste. It consists in setting out through the forest in the middle of the night, watching at a given point for the deer which are known beforehand to be likely to pass that way, and getting a shot at them from this ambush. In this manner, M. Viardot got some splendid "dix cors," but we own that the intrinsic value of the prize seems in this case to be far more important than the pleasure of the pursuit—a violation of the most important and fundamental principle of all that pretends to the character of sport.

M. Viardot's experience as a sportsman in Germany is amusingly told, but is essentially somewhat tame. It consisted principally of *battues* of hares, which, in some parts, are chased by armies of sportsmen (if they deserve the name) summoned from the whole neighbourhood, and formed and manoeuvred about like regular troops. In Austria it is thought a proof of the degeneracy of the times that in many places where formerly 1600 or 1700 head were killed at a time, the number slaughtered now seldom exceeds 700 or 800. In Prussia the sight of one of these massacres must be simply disgusting. "In these flat plains, without trees, hedges, or bushes, nothing stops the view. As you walk and fire yourself you see the others walking and firing. In the middle of the enclosure, on the snow with which the ground is covered, you see the poor hares jump out of their forms, and inclosed in the circle formed by the lines of huntsmen. They run in all directions, crossing, jostling, rushing about with their ears thrown back, trying to break out somewhere." Many hundreds are killed on these occasions. In parts of Germany there are still a certain number of wild boars. At a hunt in one of the parks of the Emperor of Austria, no less than twenty-three of them were killed, and M. Viardot himself shot several. It is no small matter to engage a boar at bay. If the huntsman lets him wind him, he is sure to be charged, and it is by no means unlikely that he may be ripped up by his tusks. The boar must be approached up the wind, and shot whilst the dogs engage him. When at bay he sits, according to the French, "in his arm-chair." That is, he sits on his hind legs, and raises himself on his fore-legs, protecting himself against the dogs by blows from his tusks. It is in this attitude that he must be approached and shot.

Far the best of M. Viardot's sporting experiences were in Russia. Every thing in that country is on a grand scale, and the wild beasts may be said to occupy a place of some dignity and importance in society. The forests join on to each other for hundreds of miles, resembling those of North America rather than anything which exists in the rest of Europe, and they shelter elks, bears, and wolves. In the winter, when the snow is in proper condition for sledges, hunts take place on a most marvellous scale. Journeys can be made by sledges as quickly, though

not so cheaply, as by railroads. M. Viardot mentions journeys of a hundred miles out and home, undertaken by him on several occasions, in order to hunt a particular set of elks or bears which had been marked down in particular woods, and of which the friends who introduced him to the sport had received intelligence. One of these journeys after certain bears took M. Viardot over as much ground as lies between Paris and Bordeaux, and the difficulty of the journey was increased by the fact that the thaw came on during its progress, and made it a matter not only of difficulty, but even of danger, to return home. When the place where the game is supposed to lie is reached, it is hunted in the ordinary manner. A number of peasants are employed as beaters, and the huntsmen either post themselves in that direction towards which the game is driven or follow up the beaters. On one occasion of this kind, when elks were the game, M. Viardot had the rare good fortune to kill two of them right and left. He never was so lucky as to kill a grown-up bear, though he once consoled himself with a couple of half-grown cubs. Bear-hunting is by no means a safe amusement, as it only takes place in winter, and as there is great difficulty in forcing the bear to leave his den. If it is necessary absolutely to turn him out, the death of the huntsman is not an uncommon result.

MASSON'S LECTURES ON BRITISH NOVELISTS.*

IT is the fancy of the people of Edinburgh to send for a lion every winter, and get him to deliver four lectures. Sometimes they catch a large lion, sometimes a small one. In the winter of 1858 they caught Mr. Masson, and that gentleman, having roared at Edinburgh as he was bound, has now published his lectures in a small volume. The subject he chose was a good one, or, if it had a fault, it had no worse a one than that it was impossible to do justice to it in so small a space. But the history of British prose fiction must always be interesting to a public which loves to feed on novels. Mr. Masson has got up the literature of his subject with care, and evidently knows a great deal about several hundred volumes of fiction. The lectures are, however, tainted with a fault, which we are willing to attribute to the system of importing a lecturer rather than to the lecturer himself. They scarcely contain one definite opinion on any subject whatever. Mr. Masson appears to have felt that it would be rather hard on persons who had sent for him expressly, and whose investment he was for the time being, that they should be subjected to the pain of hearing a sentiment, expression, judgment, or suggestion with which they could not entirely and immediately agree. Accordingly, to use the expressive language of the Turf, he "hedges" so carefully, he so guardedly refrains from praising or blaming any person, book, institution, or theory whatever, he makes everything so elaborately square, that his book is perhaps not quite so entertaining to read as it was inoffensive to hear. In one direction only does he permit himself free play. He is lavish in his panegyrics on everything Scotch. The scenery, the buildings, the inhabitants of "Edina," more than satisfy his highest aspirations. Such is the return which Edinburgh derives from her quest for metropolitan talent. Her lecturer works hard for her, he smooths everything down to meet what he thinks her wishes, and he praises her to the skies. It can scarcely be said that she has the worst of the bargain.

As might be expected, no writer of fiction is treated with the same fulness or receives the same admiration as Scott. A Scotch audience demanded this tribute to their favourite author. Mr. Masson's criticisms on the author of the *Waverley Novels* may be briefly summed up as follows. In Scott the characteristic of a love for the past was enormous; but Scott did not go round and round the world in his passion for the antique—he did not even write, strictly speaking, Oriental novels. Gothic Europe was his range, but his veneration for the past reached its highest and most shrewd and intelligent form in his Scotticism. Very luckily his name was Scott—and he was pre-eminently a Scotchman. He knew the scenery of his country and its people. "His Scotticism was full, extensive, and thorough. In combination with his love for the past it took, for the ordinary purposes of public citizenship, the form of Scottish Toryism; but in the larger field of literature its outcome was such as to thrill and please the world." The world owes very much amusement to him. "Strike out Scott and all that has been accumulated on him by way of interest on his capital from the British mind of the last seventy years, and how much poorer should we be?" "Prose can, in consequence of Scott, be conscious of having advanced its standard several stages nearer to the very citadel of poetry." Scott was the father of the modern historical novel. It is difficult to say whether he really understood mediæval and feudal times; but Mr. Masson cannot quite agree with the depreciation of his mediævalism and feudalism. There is, however, one defect in Scott's genius which Mr. Masson feels bound to recognise and deplore. One thing, and one only, was wanting. "The only Scottish thing that Scott had not in him was Scotch metaphysics." As we learn from the preface, Mr. Masson's lectures were delivered in March and April; and it is a curious reflection that those who, to attend this disquisition on Scott, turned out on an

* *British Novelists and their Styles. Being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction.* By David Masson, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1859.

evening in a Scotch spring, might have stayed at home and read Mr. Carlyle's *Essay* on the same subject.

Mr. Masson has, however, the recommendation of having studied his subject and bestowed some little thought on it. The sketches of novelists, living and dead, which he gives may be passed over; but at the close of the volume he makes a few suggestions as to the line which fiction may be expected and wished hereafter to take. We can only partially agree with them. He begins by complaining that novels turn too exclusively on love-making. In two pages of mythological highflying, he points out that the white hand of Aphrodite is waving too constantly over Britain, and urges that we ought to attend also to "the red god Mars and the green-haired Neptune." In other words, Mr. Masson wants military and naval novels. He will have to wait till he gets them. Writers can only write about military and naval matters if they happen to have some knowledge of them, and a man of genius, who is also a sea captain, is not to be had for the asking. The sham sea novel is a most dreary affair, and is quite as dull as the usual record of clerical flirtations. A good novel might be made out of almost any phase of active life if only the knowledge of detail were added to a capacity for writing; but the two so rarely meet that good novels are scarce. There might be a good legal novel, or a good engineering novel, but, as a matter of fact, the persons who happen to have the gift of writing know nothing about law or railway contracts. What, for instance, would be the use of asking Mr. Thackeray to address himself to the green-haired Neptune? He can write novels, but he is not in the green-haired Neptune line of business. If you want a mutton-chop you must not go to a haberdasher's. As far as they can, the existing race of novelists do appeal to other interests than those of family life and the progress of affection. Mr. Reade, for instance, occupied half a popular novel with a rhapsodical version of a case of prison hardship. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton particularly prides himself on representing the whole of life. He brings in any amount of gipsies, actors, Australian settlers, and other such persons, because his wide range of knowledge supplies him with such very diversified materials. Every author seems to us desirous to put as much as he can into his novels, to draw on his memory in every direction, and even to be willing patiently and honestly to cram for the occasion, if he does but see an opening for his cram when he has got it up. It is true that weak novels turn far too exclusively on love, and little love disturbances, to be very interesting; and we may wish that even our first novelists had a rather wider range. But then the writer gives what he has got, and the choice is not between the *Virginians* and what Mr. Masson very properly desires, "a prose counterpart of the Epic," but between the *Virginians* and nothing. "Why, then," Mr. Masson may be inclined to say, "why not be magnanimous, and not write?" Even-handed justice asks in return, "Why lecture at Edinburgh?"

Mr. Masson's next suggestion for the improvement of novels is, that they should receive "a very considerable influx of the speculative spirit and of the best results of speculation." Before an English audience Mr. Masson would probably be scrupulous in interpreting this to mean that what novels want is what Scott wanted—a strong dose of Scotch metaphysics. Indeed, he explains partially what he means; and it is something rather, though not very, different which he alleges to be really desirable. He complains that at present the psychology of novels "would not hold good in an imaginary world of cats"—characters, motives, conversions, causes, are all impossible and absurd. We never know what, in such criticisms, is the standard taken. Are we to judge the fiction of the day by its best productions or its worst? Let us take the more favourable standard. What would have been the additional gain if the mind that drew the character of Rawdon Crawley had been trained in the most scientific system of psychology? Psychology is a mere arrangement of facts and characters in life, or like life; and the facts to be arranged are just the same even if no one makes them into a science. If Mr. Masson does not mean that novelists should study books on psychology, but merely that they should make their characters as natural as possible, this is quite different from having an infusion of the best results of speculation, and is a piece of advice entirely superfluous, because all novelists would make their characters natural if they did but know how. Mr. Masson proceeds to lament that novelists are very often shaky in political economy and social science, which is no doubt true. The novelist takes for granted that the views on such subjects adopted by himself and his friends, and current in the books familiar to him, are at least defensible, and never troubles his head further about them. Consequently, he often makes scientific mistakes. But perhaps no mistakes could less diminish the value of a work of fiction. If novelists must wait to write until they have made themselves safe on the vexed points of social science, they will not waste much paper and ink. And the scientific ones will have the mortification of seeing the unscientific ones getting all the money and glory. Before the former can discover even the meaning of the term social science, the latter will have jilted or married half a dozen heroines, and cooked the goose of half a dozen villains.

Mr. Masson's last suggestion is that novelists should be more elemental. He unfolds to us the doctrine of the Four Elements, giving a description of earth, air, fire, and water in a style of big-wordiness which was perhaps prompted by the desire to

please his Edinburgh audience. With this doctrine, he says, we are at liberty to connect the word "elemental" in the sense he uses it; and we are also at liberty not to do so. It is perhaps simpler to take the latter course; and we then find that an elemental novelist is one who attends principally to the broader features of nature and life. The only difficulty is to be an elemental novelist; but undoubtedly the thing is good, if possible. The same remark applies to all Mr. Masson's suggestions. We wish novelists should be wide in their range—we wish they should be all right in their social science—we wish they should be elemental. But novelists of the perfect sort are not plentiful, and never will be. We cannot tell that there will be any real progress in the art of novel-writing. That there will some day—and perhaps before very long—be a change in the style of novel now written, we may venture to guess, because experience shows that every strong manifestation of taste and thought provokes a reaction; and the present liking for Realism in novels will probably give way to Idealism of some sort. So far we think Mr. Masson quite right when he chalks out the future of fiction according to his wishes; but we do not think that criticism can either cause or materially hasten the change, and we do not know but that a new style of novel may be open to quite as great objections as the present.

DE BARANTE'S PARLEMENT ET LA FRONDE.*

FROM the time of Turgot, and even earlier, down to our own day, statesmanship and letters—generally separated in England, and held to be scarcely compatible pursuits—have been habitually united in France. This has been pre-eminently the case since the Restoration. The names of Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant, Guizot and Thiers, Mignet and Villemain, Charles de Remusat and Montalembert, Lamartine and Louis Blanc, belong almost equally to politics and literature. The title-page of the work before us unites the names of two distinguished Frenchmen—one living, the other recently deceased—who have in different degrees a claim to be added to this list. The late Count Molé's *Essais de Morale et de Politique*, by attracting the favourable notice of De Fontanes, and through his recommendation, of Napoleon I., converted the author from the *homme de lettres* to the *homme d'affaires*. In the midst, however, of busy political avocations, M. de Molé found time to vindicate by various Memoirs and Discourses his title to a *fauteuil* in the Academy, to which, as to a kind of living intellectual canonization and apotheosis, every French man of letters aspires. The public and literary career of his friend and biographer, M. de Barante, dates from the opening years of the present century. Actively engaged in administrative, diplomatic, and Parliamentary duties under the Consulate, the First Empire, the Restoration, and the Orleanist Monarchy, he has also been one of the most productive and distinguished writers of his time. Verging now upon his eightieth year, his energy and industry show no signs of slackening. His life affords an illustration of the truth that the liberal expenditure of strength in honourable labours is the best means of preserving or recruiting it—or, as it has been otherwise expressed, that most men rust out rather than wear out.

The work which first secured for M. de Barante the distinguished place he has since occupied among contemporary writers, was his well-known *Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle*, published now just half a century ago. It was one of the earliest manifestations of that intellectual and moral reaction which contained within itself the germs of the Restoration—just as the speculative tendencies of the period it examines, and the writings of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, gave premonition, to those who had eyes to observe the signs of the times, of the outbreak of 1789. Revolutions in thought are to great social changes, as the lightning which precedes the thunder. Since that time, M. de Barante has remained one of the firmest supporters of those principles of social order and constitutional freedom of which "the Monarchy according to the Charter" was the symbol and the guarantee. The revolution of 1848 withdrew him, as it did the other members of the *doctrinaire* school, to which he attached himself, from direct participation in public affairs. But his writings subsequent to that event, even when professedly historical, have had a political significance by no means obscure. They have been directed to combating the counter but connected excesses of popular anarchy and military despotism. The following sentence from the preface to his latest work betrays the patriotic *arrière pensée* which inspires it:—

On semble aujourd'hui si découragé des formes délibératives, du contrôle exercé sur l'administration publique et des garanties données aux droits civiques et privés, que l'on en est venu à jeter un blâme rétroactif sur nos anciennes institutions; non point parce qu'elles étaient insuffisantes, mais parce qu'elles laissaient subsister une possibilité de réclamation et d'examen.

The history of the Fronde, as an aristocratic rebellion, has been written and re-written by competent authors. M. Cousin's lives of Madame de Longueville and Madame de Chevreuse have thrown light on the part which feminine influence and intrigue, powerful in most of the crises of French history, played in its development. "But the history of the Fronde, from the Parliamentary point of view," says M. de Barante, "has not yet

* *Le Parlement et la Fronde. La Vie de Mathieu Molé. Notices sur Edouard Molé, Procureur-général pendant la Ligue, et M. le Comte Molé. Par le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.*

been written." It is to supply this deficiency that he has become the biographer of Mathieu Molé, who filled the office of First President before and after as well as during the struggle.

The war of the Fronde extended from the year 1649 to the year 1652. It was therefore nearly contemporary with the Great Rebellion in England; and the two events have often been made the subject of historic parallels of a somewhat misleading character. Mr. Buckle, for example, to take the most recent instance, has devoted an entire chapter of his *History of Civilization* to "a comparison of the Fronde and the English Rebellion." "The Fronde," he informs his readers, "was like our Rebellion, inasmuch that it was a struggle of the Parliament against the Crown, an attempt to secure liberty and raise up a barrier against the despotism of Government. So far and so long as we merely take a view of political objects, the parallel is complete." Mr. Buckle has recently propounded the doctrine that accurate command of detail and the faculty of bold generalization seldom coexist in the same intellect. The sentences we have quoted from him illustrate this cardinal defect. He must know that the French *Parlement* and the English *Parliament* had just as much and just as little common as the English *Courts of Law* and the Spanish *Cortes*—the name, and nothing besides. The one was a legislative and representative body elected by the people, with the right of voting and watching over the expenditure of the public money—a distinct estate of the realm. The other was simply a judicial institution—the supreme magistracy of France. Charged with the administration of the laws, it was necessary that all edicts and acts of the royal authority affecting the course of justice should be communicated to and registered by it. In its origin a detached but constituent section of the royal council, it retained the privilege of remonstrating against measures of which it disapproved; but it was nothing more than a council, and after remonstrance, it could be compelled, in a Bed of Justice, to register the acts against which it had protested. As the legal code became complicated, requiring a specially trained class for its interpretation and administration, the magistrates of Parliament were appointed from the ranks of the advocates who pleaded before them. Thus they came to represent chiefly the *élite* of the *bourgeoisie*. Financial necessities led to the sale of charges, which, as a property acquired by fair purchase, were first held for life, and afterwards, on the institution of the *paulette*, became hereditary. Thus there arose a *noblesse de robe*, connected by birth and sympathies with the middle classes—a powerful body, distinct on the one hand from the feudal aristocracy, and by its irremovability independent on the other of the Crown. Representing, by virtue of their office, the interests of law and order, deeply imbued with a love of liberty derived from the great writers of Greece and Rome, the magistrates of the Parliament of Paris introduced a valuable moral element into French society. In the troubles of previous reigns they had endeavoured to extend their authority beyond its legitimate limits. Francis I. charged them with wishing to erect themselves into a Venetian Senate. They especially aimed at acquiring the power of putting a veto upon the royal edicts of taxation. Under Richelieu's administration they were compelled to resign, not only these pretensions, but also some of their traditional and undisputed privileges, and would probably have been suppressed altogether had he lived. The long minority following his death and that of Louis XIII., which placed France under the rule of a female regent guided by a foreign priest who was both hated and despised, presented an opportunity not to be neglected. The Parliament and the nobility made common cause. The twenty-seven articles of the Chamber of Saint Louis, which the historian of the Fronde, M. Saint Aulaire (quoted by Mr. Buckle), calls a *véritable charte constitutionnelle*, represent the objects of the contest as far as the Parliament was concerned. According to Hume, it was "a struggle unenobled by the spirit of liberty." Without assenting to this characteristic judgment, we yet find it impossible to regret its complete failure. The magistrates of Parliament, neither elected by, nor directly representative of, the people, nor yet appointed by the Crown, would, in case of success, have become an uncontrolled hereditary oligarchy. The difference between the Fronde and the Great Rebellion scarcely needs to be dwelt upon. The one was in its origin a vindication of violated constitutional rights, a defence of a heritage of freedom; the other was an encroachment upon admitted prerogatives of the Crown, a usurpation of functions properly belonging to the States-General. The one was in harmony with, the other in contradiction to, national traditions. The one aimed to preserve and restore, the other to innovate and subvert.

The part which Mathieu Molé took in this contest is one which has rendered his name honourable in the annals of France. While contending for the traditional rights of the Parliament, he resisted their illegal demands. Aiming to hold the balance straight between the just claims of the magistrates and the prerogatives of the Crown, it may occasionally have swayed in his hands unduly, now to this side, now to that. But his errors, few and slight at the worst, were errors of judgment only. Had his wise and moderate counsels been followed, the Parliament would in all probability have successfully vindicated the rights of which Richelieu had robbed it; and the authority of Louis XIV. would have been a degree less absolute. As it was, by grasping after privileges which it could not rightfully claim nor profitably exercise, it lost those to which it had a true title,

and which it was to the public advantage that it should possess. By its defeat, the autocracy of the French Crown became complete. The limitation of the royal power, which, if the Parliament had thrown its weight into the scale of the States-General, might have been imposed, became impossible, and another link was forged of the chain of events which led on to the Revolution.

A contemporary of Mathieu Molé's, the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, said of him—"If it were not a blasphemy to say of any one in our age that he was braver than M. le Prince and the great Gustavus, I should say it is M. Molé." Montesquieu, a century later, declared—"Molé exhibited heroism in a condition of life that ordinarily rests for its support on other virtues." His heroism was not merely the civil heroism of the statesman and the magistrate, which in the midst of conflicting passions holds inflexibly its own path of prudence and moderation, justice and conciliation, unbiassed by fear or favour. His contempt of physical danger was as signally marked as his political courage. His gallant demeanour before the excited mob of Paris, after the peace of Ruel, and three years later, in the clamour raised against the supposed partisans of Mazarin, are amongst the most notable instances of personal gallantry which are recorded in a history singularly rich in such examples. His character as a judge and as a citizen has been summed up in the one emphatic word, *integerrimus*. These virtues had long been hereditary in the family, which in 1855 became extinct by the death of its last and not least distinguished representative—the late Count Molé. It was Edouard Molé, the father of the first President, to whom, as Procureur-Général during the League, the maintenance of the Salic law, the prohibition of the transference of the French Crown to a foreign house, and the accession of Henri IV. are due. His courage and patriotism revived the drooping spirits of the Parliament, intimidated by the tumults of Paris and by the imprisonment and slaughter, under the Sixteen, of its leading members. More than a century and a half earlier, the first representative of the family known to history, Guillaume Molé, as the head of the party in Troyes opposed to the English and Burgundians, opened the gates of that city to Charles VII. when he marched thither with Joan of Arc to receive coronation and consecration at Rheims. The late Count Molé, if we except the brief portion of his earlier career during which he yielded to the fascination of Napoleon's brilliant genius, was faithful to the blended principles of loyalty and freedom which were traditional in his house. As a member of the Ministry of Decazes under Louis XVIII., and in his place in the Chamber of Peers, he opposed the Royalist reaction which ultimately overthrew the throne of the elder Bourbons. Called to preside over the foreign department by Louis Philippe in 1830, he inaugurated the policy of non-intervention and of pacific relations with European States, the preservation of which is one of the chief glories of that sovereign's reign. Again, in 1836, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, he pursued the same moderate and conciliatory course in his treatment of domestic and international questions. Elected a member of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies after the Revolution of 1848, his influence was exerted on the side of public order against the excesses of democratic fanaticism. He was one of the few representatives who met to protest against the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December.

The life of Mathieu Molé, as illustrative of the part taken by the Parliament in the war of the Fronde, forms the main subject, and occupies the greater part of the contents, of M. de Barante's volume; but the author has done well to prefix and append to it the notices of the other members of that family, who, in widely different circumstances, deserved scarcely less of their country and of freedom. The book is not unworthy of the author of the *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*. Its subject, however, has not the picturesque interest inherent in that work, and has somewhat of its characteristic defect. The book is too much of a mere recital. Reflection is too entirely subordinated to narrative, and there is a deficiency of the requisite explanations and reference to the causes and consequences of events.

COUSIN STELLA.*

COUSIN STELLA has the merit, now becoming rarer and rarer, of a comparative novelty in its subject. Mrs. Stowe has sufficiently exhausted the horrors of American slavery; no one is likely to offer himself as a rival to Victor Hugo in delineating the wrongs and the crimes of the liberators of St. Domingo; but the slavery of the English West Indies is tolerably untrodden ground. The scene of the larger portion of the book is laid in Jamaica, a few years previous to the Act of Emancipation, and just at the time when the strife between slaveowners and abolitionists was at its bitterest. Of course the main features of each system—the American, the French, and the English—are very analogous, and the resources which each presents for the selection of the novelist do not afford any great variety. The master, brutalized by power and indulgence, and the agonies of the slave whose mishap it is to be in mind or feeling a step above his degraded station, must form the staple of every slave story, wherever its scene is laid. But still an English colony gives the writer peculiar facilities in addressing an English circle of readers, and enables him to bring

* *Cousin Stella*. By the Author of "Violet Bank and its Inmates," 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1859.

home to them, with more force than is possible to an American or a Frenchman, the reality of the curses which the system carries with it, even though his selection of horrors may not be so varied, nor their quality so effective, as they would be if he were drawing from recollections of Florida or Hayti. There is so much that is peculiarly American in the faults of an American slaveholder, that an English reader is at a loss to know which part of his character is to be attributed to Yankeeism and which part to slavery. Many of the shades which darken the figures in Mrs. Stowe's unsparing portraiture are evidently due to other portions of the American system, and cannot fairly be laid to the charge of the peculiar institution. The vulgarity of mind, the reckless disregard of law, the hard familiarity with crimes of violence, are the offspring of undiluted democracy even more than of slavery. And as long as these appear side by side with the cruelty, the licentiousness, and the despotic helplessness which are the curse which waits on all who turn their fellow-men into beasts of burden, English readers will fail to refer each class of faults to its real origin, or fix its due reprobation upon each. They will merge the special detestation which the crimes of slavery should raise in their minds in the general disgust which most Englishmen look on it as a point of loyalty to feel towards American institutions. It is always a matter for regret when any moral question comes to be mixed up with political controversies, even though the tide of political feeling to which it appeals seems at the moment to favour its success. The aid is a delusive one, just like much of the aid which the Church receives from its union with the State. The moral movement, if it has shared the triumph of the political, must also share in its reverses. It must accept a moiety of its partner's odium—it must take a part of the responsibility for its partner's excesses, and must submit to be dragged back by the reaction which is sooner or later the certain destiny of every merely political impulse. It is not difficult to see that there has been a mournful slackening in the righteous fervour with which the abomination of slavery was once denounced. We cannot help suspecting that this result is partly due to the controversy having been too much worked upon American ground. Increasing intercourse and the subsidence of political passion have combined to lessen very perceptibly the bitter prejudice with which everything American used to be scanned by Englishmen. It is strong still, but nothing like so strong as it was twenty years ago. And with the reaction of political feelings has come the cooling of zeal in the moral crusade that was conducted far too frequently under their banner. It took advantage of the power of a transient prejudice, and by a just retribution has shared in its decline.

To change the venue, therefore, of the slavery discussion from America to Jamaica is doing good service, even in such ephemeral productions as *Cousin Stella*. It is good for Englishmen to be able to look at the peculiar institution as it appears when grafted on their own manners and tone of thought, and to contemplate the results. The book before us is evidently written by one who knows Jamaica well, and if the style is too fresh to allow us to suppose that the author remembers slavery himself, his descriptions have evidently only one link of hearsay to invalidate them. The picture is dismal enough, but it differs very much, both in details and in general colouring, from Mrs. Stowe's. We hear nothing of the internal slave-trade, though the power of alienation existed; nor is there any such monster as Legree. There are no details of sickening and outrageous cruelty. These may have been omitted to humour the delicacy of modern palates, but more probably such horrors were scared away by the constant presence of a healthy English public opinion, whose uprightness was maintained by constant infusions of fresh blood from home. But though West Indian slavery was exempt from the more dramatic class of atrocities which are so useful in pointing the periods of the novelist or the pamphleteer, its real evil was the same. It exerted its invariable malign influence over both oppressor and oppressed. It exacted that the masters should be brutal and without feeling—the slaves degraded and without mind. One of the most striking pictures in the book—we do not doubt that it is a portrait—is that of the delicate and refined English lady, who, after a few years apprenticeship as a slaveowner, startles the very overseer by her callous insensibility to the sufferings of her slaves. On the negro's side the degradation is not only the spontaneous result of his position, but is deliberately promoted by his master. The conviction that the nearer the slave was to the ox in nature as well as position, the more meekly he would bear the yoke, led the planters of Jamaica, as it now leads those of America, carefully to shut out light and knowledge from their human chattels, and to look upon a servile war as the inevitable consequence of the alphabet and the catechism. The system worked in Jamaica, as elsewhere, its double curse—the slave debased the master, and the master debased the slave.

Besides the drunken planter, and his hardened English wife, and the brutalized slaves, there is another character introduced, which might usefully appear more often in descriptions of slave countries. Like all extreme abuses stubbornly maintained, slavery has bred up a class of opponents whose utter folly would discredit the holiest cause. Abolition has no deadlier enemy to contend against than the abolitionists. Embittered by opposition, by ill-success, by constant study of only one side of the hideous medal, the abolitionist contracts a tone of thought of which the nickname "nigger-worshipper" is hardly an exaggerated descrip-

tion. The author of *Cousin Stella*, though deeply in earnest against slavery, writes as though he had had personal cause of quarrel with these most embarrassing Quixotes. The solution of every political difficulty is always beset and hampered, on one side and the other, by a class of politicians who delight in calling themselves "men of principle," and who, on the strength of that title, will listen to no compromise, will consider no prescriptive claims, and will turn from any reference to possible consequences as the meanest and most grovelling expediency. The question of West Indian slavery, at the crisis of its fate, was more than usually plagued by this race of Marplots, and the delineation of them gives the author room for some amusing caricature.

We have said little of the skill with which the material we have described has been worked out. The success of a novel in the present day depends so largely on the novelty of its subject, that its literary merit is apt to be considered comparatively immaterial. Every conceivable subject has been so worn and re-worn by the yearly horde of writers—so much ingenuity and labour has been expended in exhausting every conceivable variation of attitude in which the very simple idea of a young man wooing a young woman can possibly be presented—that the fortunate discoverer of a new plot for a novel would be almost justified in rushing, like Archimedes, naked out of his bath, and shouting Eureka in the ears of the police. It is perhaps unfortunate that so fine a vein as *Cousin Stella* has laid bare should not have been worked out by a more practised hand. His characters are displeasing, either from the extreme of exaggeration or the extreme of commonplace. They are either impossibly ideal or too repulsively real. He has not attained that delicate touch which can idealize without impairing either probability or nature. The true novelist's art, in the present state at least of the public taste, is to produce a set of characters which every one will recognise as familiar, and yet to let them be seen through just enough of poetic colouring to prevent them from recalling the unattractive associations of the petty humdrum of daily life. The author of *Cousin Stella* is no master of this art. His necessary characters—the hero, the heroine, and the two villains—are melo-dramatic impossibilities; while the accessories are a gallery of portraits from that featureless portion of society of whom every one could name a score from among his own acquaintance, but whom it is bad enough to have to meet without being forced to read about them. These are faults into which an inexperienced writer easily falls, and which an extended practice would probably remove. They are not, however, presented in a sufficiently aggravated form to neutralize the interest which this novel derives from its subject, and which will secure it a very fair amount of popularity.

SHEMITIC STUDIES.*

WE are always glad to acknowledge and register any worthy contribution from our own country to the comparative study of the Oriental languages. It is painful to reflect how far England, which may justly boast of Pococke and Walton, has fallen behind the onward march of European scholarship. In the comparative grammar of Greek and Latin, indeed, we would fain hope that the master-work of the veteran Bopp, and the living presence of such men as Aufrecht, Max Müller, and Siegfried are not without some slight influence, at least upon our classical students. Again, in the narrower domain of the Celtic dialects, Zeuss can reckon two or three genuine and earnest pupils. But, in the wide range of the Shemitic family, what are we doing? With one brilliant exception—we refer, of course, to Canon Cureton—our scholars have proved singularly unproductive. Let us not be considered as speaking disrespectfully of Lane. His reputation as an Arabist is deservedly high. But towards him our feelings partake rather of "gratitude for future favours;" for his life-work—the gigantic Arabic Dictionary to which Orientalists are anxiously looking forward—seems as far from completion as the clock at Westminster. At our Universities, a school-boy's smattering of a dozen or two Hebrew psalms is revered as the very blossom of Shemitic scholarship. The names of Gesenius, Rödiger, and perhaps Ewald, have been unavoidably heard of; but, as regards Fleischer, Wüstenfeld, Bernstein, and the other leaders of the modern school, our ancient nurseries of learning maintain a dignified ignorance. Doubtless we shall be told that in our academic bowers and throughout our snug rectories there are prodigies of Oriental lore, but, with Roderigo, we must say, "that hath not appeared." In the present practical age we plead guilty to little reverence for undeveloped potentialities; and we take the liberty of referring our silent scholars, who seem unconscious of their duties as citizens of the Republic of Letters, to the line of Persius (minus the note of interrogation)—

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

The Arabic Grammar just published by Professor Wright is the most valuable contribution to the study of the Shemitic dialects that has ever appeared in England. The name of the editor is, to foreign scholars, a sufficient guarantee for thorough, conscientious work and clearness of explanation in dealing with

* *A Grammar of the Arabic Language*. Translated from the German of Caspari, and Edited, with numerous Additions and Corrections, by William Wright, Professor of Arabic in the University of Dublin. Vol. I. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

the details of a difficult subject. Professor Wright is a pupil of Rödiger, and is well known on the Continent as one of the most promising Shemitic scholars of the day. He has already published the *Travels of Ibn Jubair*, fragments of Tahnán, an old Arabic poet, some rare lexicographical tracts, and at present, in conjunction with Dozy, the accomplished Leyden Professor, and MM. Dugat and Krehl, he is engaged in editing the work of Makkari on the History and Literature of the Spanish Arabs. Those who are entering on a comparative study of the Shemitic dialects will be thankful to us for mentioning a useful work by the same editor—viz., the *Book of Jonah, in Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, and Arabic, with corresponding Glossaries*, published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate in 1857. We notice this more especially, because this little work and the Grammar before us are the only considerable examples in Europe, so far as we are aware, of the application to the Shemitic languages of the youngest instrument of modern science—comparison.

Professor Wright's Grammar may be looked at from two points of view—first, as a special grammar of Arabic, and, secondly, as a comparative grammar of all the Shemitic dialects. In both respects his work exhibits a decided improvement over all its predecessors. It is professedly a translation (with additions and corrections, however) from the German edition of Caspari, which is at present passing through the press. This latter work is by far the best of the smaller Grammars which have appeared within the last thirty years. We have carefully compared the two works, and shall now mention in what respects the English is superior to the German edition. German prose is not remarkable for clearness. German grammatical prose is far from being an exception. We think that this new edition can at least lay claim to the merit of clearness and precision of expression. Some sections have been omitted, others remodelled, while new and important sections (e.g., § 285 to § 288) have been added. Again, in a grammar for the use of students, an abundance of well-selected examples is an essential requisite. Professor Wright has multiplied these throughout the book; and we would, in particular, point to the sections on the *broken plurals* (pp. 166–188) as a striking instance of the light which may be thus thrown on a troublesome part of Arabic grammar. He has also illustrated many peculiar forms and phrases by examples drawn from his own reading, especially from the poets of the Pre-Mohammedan and Mohammedan eras. Even in its special application to the Arabic language alone, the English work must be admitted to be superior to the German. But, looking at it from the second point of view, we must pronounce it to be the only work of the kind in Europe wherein the comparative element has been introduced to any considerable extent. With the exception of one or two ordinary comparisons, Caspari has absolutely nothing of the sort. Rödiger, indeed, in his edition of Gesenius' *Hebrew Grammar*, has scattered some valuable remarks here and there; but they are so mixed up in the imbric of notes, that the student can hardly obtain a distinct *conspectus* of the several affinities. Besides, in a language which is so much worn down as the Hebrew, it is difficult to trace with any precision the fragments of affinities with older forms, unless the student has, in the first instance, become familiar with the fuller, more luxuriant, and more ancient inflexional system of the Arabs. In proof of the value of the kindred dialects in elucidating the decayed Hebrew forms, we subjoin an interesting specimen of analysis from p. 52:—

The third pers. sing. fem. "Kâ'elâh" (Hebrew) was originally "Kâ'elâth," as is proved by the following considerations:—1. The Arabic and Ethiopic have both "Katalat," the Chaldee "Kilâth," and the Syriac "Ketlath;" 2. With accusative suffixes, it takes the form "Kâ'elâth," as "Kâ'elâth-hâ," "Kâ'elâtham;" 3. In verbs whose third radical is *h*, it has the form "gâ'elâh," with *double* suffix, instead of the more ancient "gâlâth" (contracted for "gâl'ath"), Arab. "galat," Levit. xiv. 31, xvi. 34; 4. The form "Kâ'elâth" actually occurs once in the Bible—viz., "â'elâth," Deut. xxxii. 36.

This quotation furnishes at the same time an instance of the truly philosophic way in which Professor Wright, wherever an opportunity presents itself, has compared all the dialectal varieties, and, by thus combining these scattered lights into one focus, has illustrated the progressive decay of each individual dialect. We would call special attention to the general remarks upon each form and tense of the Arabic verb, which furnish us at one view with the corresponding surviving forms of the Hebrew and Aramaic; and, above all, to the admirable essay at p. 52, entitled, "General Remarks on the Inflexion of the Perfect and Imperfect Indicative in Hebrew and Aramaic (Chald. and Syr.), as compared with Arabic and Ethiopic." The essays also at pp. 77, 85, and 90, on the three forms of the weak verb, and the general remarks on the Arabic Declension, as compared with that of the other Shemitic languages, p. 194, are all conceived in the same scientific spirit, and executed with masterly acuteness. In the notes, indeed, on all the different forms of the verb, we regret that the editor has not introduced the remarkable forms of the Ethiopic verb, which corresponds strikingly with that of its ancient mother, the Arabic. However, we trust that this defect will be remedied in a second edition. In remark *δ*, p. 59, the termination (*âh*) of the Hebrew cohortative is ingeniously explained by a peculiar pausal form (*a*) of the

Arabic second energetic (*an*). The tables of modern Arabic verbal forms, p. 55, and suffix pronouns, p. 100, enable us to see for ourselves the close similarity of the stages of decay as exhibited by the ancient Hebrew and the modern Arabic; and thus prove irrefragably that the Hebrew of the Old Testament had already reached almost the degradation of the dialect spoken by the Arabs of the present day. Sound scholarship, accuracy and beauty of typography, and cheapness all combine to render Mr. Wright's Grammar a valuable contribution to philological literature. The present volume comprises all that relates to the orthography and grammatical inflexions of the language; and we hope that in the forthcoming volume on the Syntax the editor will not neglect the comparative element, but will illustrate the more remarkable idioms and forms of expression by examples derived from the cognate dialects.

The connexion existing among all the Shemitic languages is so close that we cannot expect, from the study of their comparative grammar, results approaching in importance those which have flowed from the researches of Bopp and his school into the grammatical affinities of the Indo-European stock. The only attempt hitherto made to supply the Shemitic dialects with a work on the plan of the *Vergleichende Grammatik* is that by Ernest Renan in his lately-published book, *Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques*. As yet we have only the first volume, containing general historical notions and views. The comparative system remains still to be treated. The work seems to us to partake too much of the superficial tone of generalization so characteristic of the French school of philology. It contains, also, some erroneous views in the historical department; and, from the author's very unscientific notions on the development of grammatical forms, we augur unfavourably for his future labours. Among his historical errors must be reckoned his theory of the *primitive monotheism* of the Shemitic races. Now, independently of purely philosophic reasons, we conceive that the language itself is clearly against him. The existence of such a word as *Elohim* (= God), with its plural termination, distinctly points to an original *polytheism* among the Shemites. The ordinary explanation of this form as a *pluralis excellentie* is merely an ingenious device of the old Jewish grammarians. But Renan's fundamental error is his notion that languages develop into fuller and more abundant grammatical forms. How any student, trained in the school of Bopp, could make such a statement is almost inconceivable. It is even inconsistent with his own words in other parts of his book, as we shall briefly show. However, it unhappily leads him to regard Hebrew, with its decayed case-system, &c., as the purest type of the primitive Shemitic speech. Where others, familiar with the more ancient and therefore more luxuriant grammar of the Arabs, can detect, in the degraded condition of the Hebrew, merely fragments of an older state, he sees the germs and rudimentary beginnings of a yet undeveloped stage of the language. But the best idea of Renan's views and inconsistencies may be gathered from the subjoined quotations from the work itself. At p. 92, he most clearly states the grand result of comparative philology:—"Une des lois les plus générales révélées par la philologie comparée est que loin de se développer par la suite des âges, les langues tendent plutôt à perdre en vieillissant des mécanismes précieux." And, quite in accordance with this correct view, he compares, at p. 374, the grammatical condition of Hebrew with that of the vulgar Arabic. But, in the very teeth of all this, at p. 100 he writes, "L'hebreu est ainsi, dans la race sémitique ce qu'est le Sanskrit dans la race indo-européenne, le type le plus pur, le plus complet de la famille, l'idiome qui renferme la clef de tous les autres, l'idiome des origines." And, even more remarkably still, at pp. 83-4, "L'hebreu, par exemple, peut, en un sens, être considéré comme plus ancien que l'arabe, non parce qu'il est chronologiquement la première de ces langues soit antérieure à la seconde, mais parce qu'il est la première, ayant moins vécu, s'est moins développée que la seconde, et présente ainsi avec plus de pureté le système primitif de la famille à laquelle elle appartient." When we come to consider the different schools of Shemitic philology which exist at present in Germany, it will be seen that this inconsistency arises from the fact that Renan is, in general philology, a pupil of Bopp, while, in his views of the relative value and antiquity of the Shemitic languages, he follows the leading of Ewald.

There are at present in Germany three schools of Shemitic philology. The first is that of Gesenius and Rödiger, whose views are sketched in the later editions of the Hebrew Grammar. To this school belongs Dietrich, whose *Abhandlungen zur hebräischen Grammatik* contain many good remarks, especially the first, *Ueber Begriff und Form des hebräischen Plurals*. In the preface to his great *Lehrgebäude der hebräischen sprache* (Leipzig, 1817), at p. 6, Gesenius acknowledges the advantage he had derived from the comparative study of the cognate dialects, and notices in particular the light which modern Arabic afforded him in his examination of Hebrew grammatical forms. However, as was perhaps unavoidable before comparative grammar had attained the rank of a science, he speaks of the Hebrew forms as undeveloped instead of worn down, and says, "Viele Wortbildungen und verbindungen, die in der reichen arabischen Grammatik ausgebildet und herrschend sind, im hebräischen sich nur in schwachen und unausgebildeten Anfängen zeigen." Rödiger, in § 1, 6 of the *Hebrew Grammar*

(Bagster, 1852), gives the correct view in the following words:—"The Aramean dialects exhibit the earliest and greatest decay, and, next to them, the Hebrew-Canaanitish; the Arabic was the longest to maintain the natural fulness of its forms, being preserved undisturbed among the secluded tribes of the Desert, until the Mohammedan revolution, when it suffered considerable decay. It was not till so late a period as this that the Arabic reached nearly the same point at which we find the Hebrew, even as early as the times of the Old Testament." Again, he says, "It is a mistake to consider, with some, the Aramean, on account of its simplicity (occasioned, in fact, by derangement of structure and curtailing of forms), as the more original model of the speech of the Shemites." In respect of its consonants, however, the Aramean has remained more true to the original Shemitic type than the other groups; for such sounds as *th*, *dh*, and *zt* are unquestionably of younger growth. It may be remarked, in passing, that the affinities which Gesenius, in his *Thesaurus Lingua Hebraica*, everywhere seeks to establish between Sanscrit and Shemitic words are either fanciful or may be explained on the principle of *onomatopœia*, or by the universal laws of language. The second school is that of Ewald, one of whose most distinguished pupils is Dillmann. Their views may be learned from the different editions of Ewald's *Lehrbuch der hebräische sprache*, and from Dillmann's *Äthiopie Grammar*. Ewald's standing-point (namely, that Hebrew is the purest type of the ancient Shemitic speech) is undoubtedly erroneous. His views are set forth at p. 9 of the preface to the sixth edition of his *Lehrbuch*. In p. 3 of the preface to his *Grammatica Critica Lingua Arabica*, after enumerating those very characteristics which prove beyond a doubt the antiquity of the Arabic, he with provoking obstinacy says—"Quibus virtutibus quamquam lingua (Arabica) ceteris semiticis multum antecellit, at est tamen hebræa multo recentior;" and at p. 4—"Antiquior et quæ antiquitati in universum fidelior mansit, censenda est hebræa." This is the school to which Renan belongs, and hence he derives the peculiar views to which he clings with such persistency, in defiance of clearly-established principles of comparative grammar. This school attaches equal importance with the preceding to the comparative study of the Shemitic languages, but mixes up with them other families that ought to be carefully kept apart. See, for instance, the strange shifts to which Ewald is put in attempting to connect *mi* and *māh* with *quis*, § 104, 2, a. The third school affords us some rare specimens of the Sanscrit-Semitic tendency gone mad. Its exponents are Fürst and Delitzsch. Their works are Fürst's *Chaldee Grammar*, his *Concordance to the Old Testament*, and Delitzsch's *Jesurun*, intended as *prolegomena* to Fürst's *Concordance*. Their principles are stated by Fürst in the preface to his *Aramäische Chrestomathie*, p. xv.; but if any one wishes to see how venerable Hebrew verbs, after having been hashed and boiled in the Median caldron of this school, rise to life in all the luxuriant freshness of Welsh, Irish, Anglo-Saxon, Swedish, Greek, Sanskrit—nay, even Hungarian—forms, let him look at a paper entitled "Hörte Hebraica," published in the *Transactions of the London Philological Society*, 1858, part i.; and after that, possess his soul in peace, if he can.

From what we have already said it will be seen how important is the study of Arabic, as furnishing the key to all the other Shemitic dialects. Hebrew is almost the only one of these which we in this country attempt to acquire. Now, in the case of a language so utterly beyond the range of our Indo-European sympathies, such an attempt on our parts cannot fail to prove a painful effort of memory. In learning Sanskrit, we have the affinities of nearly all the European languages to aid us. Let us effect for the Hebrew a similar family-support, by the combined study of the other members of the group to which it belongs. We can assure students that such a method will enable them to master thoroughly all the cognate dialects with less waste of time and patience than are required for the solitary study of any one of them isolated from the sisterhood. For our Oriental officials Arabic is of essential value. Persian and Hindustani are deluged with Arabic words and phrases; and the laws and customs of the Mohammedan races of Asia and Africa can only be properly appreciated by one familiar with the language of the people. But a thorough acquaintance with the grammar before leaving Europe should be insisted on; for we notice that the works published by those who have acquired the language in India, betray, for the most part, a deficiency in this respect. In advocating the study of Arabic, we have at heart, also, the furtherance of the higher historical scholarship of Europe. How completely one-sided is our view of the political and civil state of Europe during the Middle Ages, simply because we ignore the writings of the very people whose power influenced so materially the fortunes of Christendom. How much better might be the histories of the Byzantine Empire, the Crusades, Italy, and Spain if the Arabic documents on these subjects were generally accessible and studied! We have already alluded to Professor Dozy's labours in Spanish history; his long meditated work on the history and literature of the Spanish Arabs is now on the eve of completion. It is based on the native authorities, and thus furnishes a contrast to the apocryphal versions of Conde, whose knowledge of Arabic was limited to the alphabet; and who, in the words of Dozy, "forged his dates by the hundred and invented his facts by the thousand." Another example of the advantage to be derived from a careful study of Arabic MSS. is presented by Amari's *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*, the second volume of which

was published last year. To France we are indebted for Reinaud's very interesting tracts on Mediaeval India, and his *Invasions des Sarrasins en France*. If our English scholars could be induced to contribute to the general stock from the magnificent collections of Arabic and Syriac MSS. in the Bodleian and the British Museum, one of our highest wishes would be accomplished.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST WEEK BUT FOUR OF MR. CHARLES KEAN'S MANAGEMENT.—HENRY THE EIGHTH will be performed every night during the week, and also on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in the next, after which date the Play will be withdrawn.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 30th.

Monday, Open at Nine. Fête of the Welsh Charity; Concert by Vocal Association, 1000 Performers. Tuesday, Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling.

Wednesday, First day of Grand Archery Meeting; Display of Great Fountains in the Afternoon; Military Band, &c. Admission Half-a-Crown. Thursday, Second day of Archery Fête; Drawing for Prizes of Crystal Palace Art Union. Subscribers admitted free on presentation of receipts. Admission to Non-Subscribers, One Shilling. Friday, One Shilling. Open at Ten.

Saturday, Second Grand Opera Concert by Titiens, Piccolomini, Giuglini, &c. Open at Ten. Concert at Three. Admission, 5s. to Non-Season Ticket holders. (For particulars, see special Advertisements.)

Sunday, Open at Half-past One, to Shareholders gratuitously by Tickets. Season Tickets, One and Two Guineas each, available to 30th April, 1860, may be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; and the usual Agents.

By Order, G. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, July 20th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Madlle. TITIENS, Madlle. PICCOLOMINI, Signor BELLET, Signor ALBERTINI, Signor VIOLETTI, and Signor GIOVANNI, at the GRAND OPERA CONCERT, by the above-named distinguished Artists, on SATURDAY, July 30th, 1859. The Programme will be duly announced. Doors open at Ten; Concert at Three o'clock. Conductor, Signor ARZUFFI. Admission.—By Two Guinea Season Ticket, free; by One Guinea Season Ticket, on payment of Two Shillings and Sixpence; by Day Ticket, Five Shillings; or, if purchased on or before the 20th inst., Three Shillings and Sixpence. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown extra.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—LAST SIX DAYS IN LONDON.—The celebrated Christy's Minstrels will repeat their Entertainment EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock. The final Day Representation will take place on Saturday Afternoon next, at Three. Dress Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at the Hall, Piccadilly.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY NEXT, JULY 30th. SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, 5, PALL MALL EAST (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES, by FREDERIC E. CHURCH (Painter of "The Great Fall, Niagara"), is being exhibited daily by Messrs. DAY and SON, Lithographers to the Queen, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street. Admission, One Shilling.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL, IPSWICH, RE-OPENS ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th. The Boarders re-assemble on Wednesday.

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